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EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN LANDS
TWENTY YEARS OF LIFE, SPORT,
AND TRAVEL

**“Travaile, in the younger Sort, is a Part of Education ;
in the Elder, a Part of Experience”.**

Bacon.

Eastern Mediterranean Lands

TWENTY YEARS OF LIFE, SPORT,
AND TRAVEL

BY

COLONEL P. H. H. MASSY, C.B.E.

*Late of the Sixth Dragoon Guards :
sometime under the Foreign Office
in the Near East*

LONDON

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LTD.

BROADWAY HOUSE : 68-74 CARTER LANE, E.C.

1928

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY HEADLEY BROTHERS
18, DEVONSHIRE STREET, E.C.2; AND ASHFORD, KENT

Preface

BY

SIR E. DENISON ROSS

I ACCEPTED with pleasure Colonel Massy's flattering invitation to write a short introductory note to this book, though I feel that it stands in little need of commendation.

Many works have been written on pre-war Turkey, and several works have appeared in English dealing with Turkey of to-day ; but none of the books dealing with new Turkey have been written by men who possessed so intimate a knowledge of the old régime as does Colonel Massy. This valuable book is, therefore, of especial interest as offering a basis of comparison between the Turkey of the Sultan-Caliphs and the Turkey of Mustafa Kemal.

Colonel Massy has not attempted to write a learned or exhaustive guide-book to the country he knows so well, but gives us in simple language little thumbnail sketches of life in Turkey as it was and as it is. His long residence in a district far away from semi-European Constantinople and his thorough knowledge of the Turkish language gave him an opportunity of becoming more closely acquainted with the life of the real Turks than has fallen to the lot of most travellers ; and one cannot help regretting that a man with his enthusiasm and knowledge should not have compiled an exhaustive work on Asiatic Turkey ; but Colonel Massy's ambitions have evidently not lain in this direction, and it was only the chance that made him re-visit Turkey after the War, which suggested to him the writing of these notes as a record of the impressions produced on him by the great changes which had taken place since he was a resident in that country.

Apart from his life as Military Consul in Cilicia, he did much travelling in various directions, visiting the Western Frontier

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of Persia, the shores of the Black Sea, and Kurdistan. One of his duties was to befriend as far as possible the Armenians, who, under Abdulla Hamid, received so little protection, and to distribute among them funds provided by public subscription in England; and it is a cause of satisfaction to know that no massacre of Armenians ever took place in that part of Turkey where he was stationed.

In no country of Asia has the great Peace brought about such fundamental and far-reaching changes as in Turkey. The Ottoman Turks, finding themselves depleted of their outlying Empire and confined to what may be called Turkey proper, set about making the best of their misfortunes by embarking on drastic internal reforms. Only the dismissal of the Manchu dynasty and its Court and the institution of the Chinese Republic in 1912, and the resulting changes in everyday life, offer a picture at all comparable with that of republican Turkey. The overthrow of the Manchus was, however, an event of less far-reaching importance than the abolition of the Caliphate; for while the one affected only the Chinese Empire, the other was a matter of serious concern to almost the whole of the Moslem world. The abolition of the fez is a more notable change than the abolition of the pigtail, for so many Chinamen had long ago discarded this Manchu ornament, whereas practically every Turk wore a fez; while the emancipation of Turkish women, who have hitherto been strictly veiled and have never before had an opportunity of mixing in general society, constitutes a far greater advance than the unbinding of women's feet in China. And finally the substitution of the Swiss Civil Code for the Ottoman Code has brought about the greatest change of all in the life of the Turks.

The description of the new conditions prevailing in Palestine, Syria, Greece, Corfu, Albania, and Dalmatia will be read with much interest.

E. DENISON ROSS.

Author's Preface

WHEN I was leaving England, not long ago, to see again the sunny lands of the Eastern Mediterranean where we had passed many happy years before the War, I tried in vain to find a handy volume that would tell me something of present conditions in all the countries bordering that sea from Egypt to Venice. A fruitless search inspired me with the desire to write this book. In Part One I give a sketch of my life in the Near East with my family in the early part of the present century, and record in addition to stories of sport and travel, some of the quaint customs, beliefs and superstitions now gradually fading out of the lives of the races I describe. In the four succeeding parts I have spoken of the new conditions I found in Palestine, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Corfu, Albania and Dalmatia during my recent travels.

What I say is not intended to take the place of an exhaustive guide book, and if snatches of history and archæology have crept in, here and there, they are merely to elucidate my story. The book is a simple record of some of the things that interested me, and I shall feel well satisfied if it is found to be a pleasant and, I trust, useful companion by those who may follow me by the overland route to Egypt through magic Eastern lands, and to others who love to read of foreign countries with the hope that Kismet may lead them there some day, and who have taken to heart the words of Richard Jefferies :

It is injurious to the mind as well as to the body to be always in one place and always surrounded by the same circumstances. A species of thick clothing slowly grows about the mind, the pores are choked, little habits become a part of existence, and by degrees the mind is inclosed in a husk.

P.H.H.M.

NOTE.

I AM greatly indebted to the Royal Geographical Society for constant assistance, and permission to reproduce the map of Turkey and some

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of my own photographs ; to *The Times* for valuable information and the Maps of Palestine, Syria, the Ægean and the Adriatic ; to Miss S. Kendzior, Lord Hampton, Mr. Alex. Keighley, Dr. Nute and others for interesting photographs of places where my locally-bought films or plates had failed, to Mr. James Sinclair for his photographic skill in the preparation of my illustrations ; to Mr. W. S. Stallybrass for his interest and help in the publication of the book ; and to Miss D. Blackader, Mr. V. O'Hara and many other friends for much kindness. To my wife, and our daughter who was a small child when we three shared many of the joys and hardships of life and travel in Asiatic Turkey, and to my sister, my debt can never be repaid ; to them I dedicate this book.

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PART ONE

Turkey under the last Sultans

THE SPELL OF THE EAST

THE charm of the East inspires many with the desire to see its fair lands. Those who know them only from the artist's brush or the words of others are filled with a longing to wander there; the more fortunate who have sojourned in some of these fascinating countries seem ever to be called back by happy memories. The lure of the East is no mere phrase: it is a profound truth.

What is it that charms? Many will find a clue in the contrast of life and scene, and in the sunshine that makes all things bright and gay; others will trace the spell in the closeness to nature, so different to our own artificial and conventional existence. We feel in stories of travel by such men as Curzon, Ronaldshay and Younghusband through little known parts of the Far East, and of Doughty, Hogarth, Ramsay and others in nearer countries, this love of nature and a deep appreciation of beauty in scenery both in its wilder and gentler aspects. The East also provides a rich field for the scientist, naturalist, antiquarian or explorer.

I recall some of the words of Lord Curzon, not much more than a year before that great lover of the Orient died, when at the Central Asian Society he spoke with almost boyish enthusiasm of the insistent call of the East, and of its countries where he had travelled extensively many years

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before. Asia, he said, is the great continent from which all religions, all ideas, all great achievements have sprung ; the fountain-head of everything great that has come into the world from immemorial times ; the birthplace of the most striking vicissitudes that have ever been witnessed by man ; the scene of the greatest events in history ; still the fertile source of inspiration and ideas. The East holds recollections that charm almost more than anything else in the world. Asia has always made an appeal to the sense of beauty that exists in all of us. There is the communion with nature that we achieve when we wander over those distant lands and view the great spaces, the mighty peaks and solid glaciers, the rushing rivers and all the other splendours of nature in its manifold forms.

Lord Curzon did not confine his remarks to Central or Eastern Asia. He spoke of parts as far west as Turkey and its old capital, Constantinople, and of her position in Europe which had enabled her to exercise the most potent influences throughout the whole Eastern world, where she had always been a great Central Asiatic power and force.

I had been a humble disciple in the worship of wild nature when a young soldier travelling in the Himalaya or wandering after ibex or markhor amid high peaks beyond Kashmir ; and in the rugged Afghan mountains during two years passed in bivouac or tent, save for a few months under a roof in one of the gates of Sherpur fortress at Kabul. I have never forgotten those times or the few years of life in India that left a longing to return to the Orient. It was their memory that

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made me welcome the sudden change from the comfortable life of a soldier in England to one of a wandering consul in the Near East. Some travel and other episodes of those happy years are told in the following pages. Apart from records of famous explorers in remote and almost inaccessible regions, the nearer countries of Asia are replete with beauty and interest for the less adventurous traveller, and they are comparatively so easy of access that some may be tempted to follow in my tracks.

EASTWARD BOUND

It was at the time of the Armenian troubles, towards the closing years of the last century, and it had been decided by our country and Turkey that we should send four or five military men to Asia Minor to supervise the bringing in of Turkish reforms promised by Sultan Abdul Hamid. This was not entirely a precedent as Lord Kitchener and other officers had been appointed for similar duties some years previously. I was one of the men now chosen owing to my knowledge of Turkish and other languages useful in the Levant, and of reconnaissance and topography gained during two years at the Staff College.

When I called at the Foreign Office I was received very kindly by the Private Secretary to our Minister for Foreign Affairs. He informed me that under their Office my duties

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would be consular and political. I was also to perform military duties for the War Office in the nature of those of a Military Attaché, as well as to carry out reconnaissance and topographical work to assist in completing the still very imperfect maps of Asiatic Turkey in conjunction with officers in various other areas. To my inquiry the Secretary replied that my post would be at Adana. As I feared to display geographical ignorance on this first visit I asked with some diffidence where that place was, and to my great relief he replied with a smile that he had not the faintest idea, but we would look it up together. This placed us on terms of less formality. A large scale map being called for we searched for Adana and eventually discovered the province bordering on the Mediterranean, to the north of Syria. It must be said in fairness to both us of that in those days political and military events caused by the War, preceded by massacre under the old régime, had not brought this part of Turkey into its later notoriety.

The comparatively easy access to Mersina, the seaport town, gave hope that my family might be able to join me eventually in Cilicia, but we did not then anticipate that the duties would be of long duration. It was more than twelve years, however, before my official connection with the Foreign Office in the Near East was severed, the Macedonian question causing Sir Nicholas O'Connor, my Ambassador at Constantinople, to ask for my transference to the Balkans, after some eight years passed in Asia Minor and Asiatic Turkey, when the Armenian difficulties had become less acute. Those years

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still leave the happiest memories. They were spent under chiefs and with associates whose kindness and courtesy never failed in the desire to render smooth and pleasant the way of a rough soldier who had dropped in their midst, as it were, from the skies.

When details had been arranged I was received several times by the Under-Secretary of State, the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston. I felt somewhat nervous on presenting myself for the first interview as I was not then accustomed to interviews with such highly-placed officials ; but after a few minutes I was at ease with one who spoke, not as a superior to an inferior but as one man to another, with every apparent desire to throw light on the new duties upon which I was about to enter. On these first occasions and throughout my service I was conscious of sympathy extended by a great and famous traveller to one setting out on his first adventure in a new country, a bond uniting those who love to roam through little-known lands. I left with the final suggestion that I might write to him upon any subject not intended for embodiment in official dispatches ; and this personal interest impelled me to strain every effort to succeed in my new surroundings under a chief whose kindness never failed.

Before taking up my appointment in Asia Minor I had to proceed to Constantinople, where my wife and I had already been while I was studying Turkish at the time when Sir William and Lady White occupied the Embassy, in order to receive final instructions from our Representative at the

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Court of Abdul Hamid. Sir Philip and Lady Currie had now succeeded the Whites. To their constant kindness my wife and I owe much that was pleasant during the first years of my service in the Near East.

The ten days passed in the Bosphorus capital on this occasion were occupied by duties such as visits of introduction to Turkish officials at the Sublime Porte, in our Embassy Chancery to acquire a knowledge of Foreign Office routine in writing dispatches, ciphering and deciphering codes, and other official business. During this time, and always subsequently, I was on the most friendly terms with the members of our Embassy staff. Whatever they may have thought privately, they never showed any outward feeling of diplomatic superiority over the soldiers, of whom I was one, whose duties were partly to assist in finding a pacific solution to religious strife in Asiatic Turkey.

There were many things in addition to duty to fill with interest those early days at Constantinople. I accompanied the Ambassador to Yildiz Kiosk Palace to see Abdul Hamid at the Salaamlık. It was always a magnificent sight on Friday, when Ottoman rulers used to go to prayers in great pomp, accompanied by their ministers and surrounded by troops in brilliant uniforms. The Sultan had been preceded by some of his wives and children in closed carriages surrounded by eunuchs on foot. As they passed, the veiled women in their beautiful draperies could be seen glancing at everything with great interest. The ceremony came to an end with the last Sultan, so those who now visit the

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Bosphorus will miss one of the most picturesque spectacles ever seen in any European capital in modern times.

The day for my departure arrived, and as the ship passed from its moorings towards the channel between the beautiful mosques, minarets and palaces of Stamboul and Leander's Tower towards Scutari, where our Crimean dead lie buried in the shade of green cypresses on Asiatic shores, the Golden Horn and blue Bosphorus faded away in the distance as the Sea of Marmora gradually opened out before us.

From Constantinople to Mersina is a delightful journey, short calls at Smyrna, Rhodes and Samos adding interest, and round the southern ports near Adalia and Selefkieh the outlying spurs of the Taurus Mountains descend to the sea in great beauty. At dawn, one morning, Mersina came in to view. It lies opposite to Cyprus, just north of Syria and the gulf of Alexandretta. It was here I was to land to start on my new official duties in the province of Adana and the Cilician plains. From these fertile alluvial plains, and from the country north across the high Taurus Mountains, cotton, cereals, hides, timber, wool and many other articles of trade are carried down to this port. It is a place of some commercial importance, lying in a broad bay and open roadstead where steamers anchor in the offing opposite to the little town. Here, as at most places on the Turkish coast except Smyrna, Government had added nothing to nature but a short timber jetty, along which only the smallest craft and flat-bottomed lighters could moor. Any finance destined for a sheltered port had found its way into private pockets.

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It was difficult to land or embark goods and passengers in heavy seas, but when we entered the bay it was calm and everything went smoothly. The view of Mersina as we approached, with the beautiful tree-clad Taurus Mountains snow-covered towards their higher summits, and the undulating plains descending to the Mediterranean beneath them, inspired many hopes for the future, and not least for prospects of sport and travel as a relaxation from sedentary duties.

We anchored early, but the consular boat flying the British flag was already approaching with Mr. Loiso, our Dragoman, and two kavasses in uniform. His unexpected appearance was a pleasant surprise, as I had been absorbed in the beautiful scenery, and had only just become conscious of the shouting and gesticulating boatmen who crowd round steamers at every open port. On the way to the shore I felt somewhat anxious as to the procedure to be followed on landing, as Loiso said that a large number of officials and residents had assembled to welcome me.

I had not long to wait. As I reached the top step of the jetty a Turkish military band blew out loud brassy notes intended to convey the sounds of the British Anthem, but which might have been any other air played with discordant solemnity. Mr. Christman, the acting Consul, presented the high Turkish official who had come from Adana to greet me on the part of the *Vali*, the Governor-General of the province. Placing his hand on his heart and bowing, he brought it in a graceful wave to his head and from his head to his heart

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again. This he repeated several times while he said a few complimentary words in Turkish. I cannot say that I caught the movements very accurately, but when he had ended I took up the motions of the hand as well as I could and thanked him for having come so far to welcome me.

This first act appeared to have been gone through fairly successfully. It was followed by friendly salutations from other officials—the *Moutasarif*, Governor of Mersina, a pleasant man with whom I was to be on excellent terms ; the *Mufti*, the Spiritual Judge and head of the Moslem community ; Civil Judges ; the Military Commandant ; and the Chief of Police, always an important and greatly feared official in the Orient, and therefore greatly respected. Then came foreign Consuls and leading residents, and, passing down through the general throng to fresh strains of discordant music, the greetings were over.

Thinking later over what had happened, I could only imagine that this grand reception may have been because my appointment was the first of regular British representatives in this part of Turkey, as my predecessors had been unpaid local residents ; and possibly military rank and the uniform I wore on official occasions, with gilt helmet which soon gained for me the name of *Altoun fezle Konsul*, the gold-fezzed Consul, may have added veneer to raise my position in local eyes above that of other foreign officials.

The following morning I went by train to pay my first official visit to the *Vali* at Adana. On my way I stopped at Tarsus, the ancient city of Saul, on the Cydnus in the plains

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beneath the Taurus Cilician Gates. This was before motor cars which now make such short journeys easy. I fear that any record of those times may read like ancient history to our younger generation ; but it is not without interest as a means of comparison with modern conditions in Turkey. At Adana, the capital of the Vilayet, I found the *Vali* typical of the Turkish official of the old school. During our interview he sat on soft cushions, with his legs doubled under him, pulling hard at a *narghileh*, or water-bowl pipe. He impressed me as one of the worst examples of Turkish governors of those times, and I was glad when he was dismissed from his post the following year.

It is nothing new to say that Turkey is a land of contrasts. It is so in many things, but in none is it so remarkable as in the towns and villages in the interior of Asiatic Turkey. It is the ever-changing variety of setting and scenery which makes each appear in complete contrast with others ; in those days all were similar in unsavoury internal conditions. Adana was no exception as I knew it then, a dirty town of some sixty thousand inhabitants. The malodorous narrow and roughly-cobbled streets lay covered in thick mud during the winter months and ankle-deep in dust once the hot summer approached. The modern houses, built in tortuous alleys, displayed anything but architectural beauty, lying one against the other without symmetry or order. A white building of some pretension stood close to a dilapidated hovel ; small wooden shops with fronts open to the street were scattered here and there as the fancy of the owner

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decided, sometimes next to an ancient mosque, sometimes near a beautiful fountain. A dirty *khan*—an uninviting inn—with reeking yard filled with camels and pack-horses, had at its entrance an open baker's or fruit-seller's stall as a pleasant attraction for myriads of dirty flies in hot weather. Long strings of camels and pack-horses passed continually through the narrow streets, impeding all other traffic with their bulky loads that often stretched from one side to the other. But long habit had made the Turkish people patient and no word of protest was ever heard.

Nevertheless, Adana had been a prosperous trading centre many centuries ago, and the Sihun which flows from a northern Taurus gorge is still crossed near the town by a stone bridge of many arches, a relic of Justinian's time when the great Road from the shores of Marmora through the Cilician Gates was the highway from the West to the Indian Ocean.

LIFE ON THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN

One of the advantages of a soldier's life and training, in addition to mental discipline and habit of observation, is the ability to adapt himself easily to new and often uncomfortable surroundings, and frequent dislocation seems to mould the soldier's nature. Possibly it was this constant change that made it more easy in my case to be uprooted

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suddenly from the pleasant life of a cavalry officer at home to that of a semi-civilian, semi-soldier in Asia, and to consider the small seaport of Mersina as not only tolerable but an agreeable little place of residence for a limited number of years ; and for one who loved an active, roaming life my new appointment had much to recommend it.

The town consisted of one principal street, covered over like an oriental bazaar, with open shops owned for the most part by Armenians and Greeks, in which were sold the everyday necessities of life of a more or less palatable nature. Probably the best of these supplies were the fish of various kinds, and always fresh, and many varieties of fruit and vegetables. The butcher's meat was not tempting, but mutton was eatable and chickens, when young, were always a thing to fall back upon, and game was also plentiful. All that can be said is that local supplies were much better than those obtainable by Europeans in India.

Along the sea shore, beyond the main street, there were houses of some pretension, built over commercial stores in the way one sees in many seaports in the Orient. Outside the central part of the town orange and lemon groves and gardens extended where the Fellah population—old Syrian settlers who formed a large part of the 15,000 inhabitants when we lived at Mersina—had their grass-thatched cottages in very pleasant surroundings.

My wife joined me in the autumn with our small daughter, her governess and a faithful English maid. The house built for us by a wealthy Greek merchant was on the edge of these

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sweet-scented orange groves and gardens, in a suburb separated from the business houses and facing the sea in its own grounds. The entrance floor was allotted to the kavasses and other male attendants and we occupied the large upper part. A central hall gave ample space for entertainments where we often danced. We also enjoyed bathing and sailing, and fresh sea breezes that made us feel less far from home.

The British subjects in my Consular district were not numerous, and duties connected with them were light ; but the Armenian question, a very vital one in those days, occupied much of my time, necessitating among other things long journeys to distribute relief funds collected in England, and also to endeavour to obtain by persuasion the release from prison of many of this long-suffering race. The other usual occupations of a consul connected with commerce and shipping were relieved by more congenial work for the Military Intelligence Department and official travel, and of sport on days of rest there was no stint. The perfect winter climate of the Eastern Mediterranean made life a pleasure in spite of minor discomforts, and our summers were passed in the cool Taurus several thousand feet above the plains.

Our Mediterranean fleets and other foreign war ships added frequently to our gaieties, and when a man-of-war came in it was a red-letter day, or sometimes week, in little Mersina. On one occasion there was great excitement ; I had received a telegram from the cruiser squadron commanded by Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg, on the way

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from the Piraeus, to say that this fleet would visit our port and arrive the following day. This gave little time, but preparations were at once started and everything was ready next morning when eight ships were sighted and soon lay at anchor in the offing. I found many notable persons, including the Prince of Siam, the late King, besides the Admiral on the flag-ship when the usual exchange of visits followed ; I went out to call on Prince Louis and he came on shore to see the Governor and us, and many officers followed later who enjoyed good shooting during the next few days.

We went to Adana next morning to visit the *Vali*. After the usual ceremonial greetings we were invited to a repast. Before entering the luncheon room, basins and ewers of silver with soap and scented water to wash the hands were brought to each guest. The repast consisted of many courses. One was a whole roasted lamb. Choice pieces were torn by the *Vali* with his fingers and placed on Prince Louis' plate with the pressing invitation to eat them as they were the best morsels. The rice *pilaf* was what seemed to puzzle the Prince most. How was it to be eaten without plates or spoons ? Bahri Pasha, the Governor General, cleared up the doubt by taking a piece of the leaf-thin Turkish bread in which he wrapped up a large portion of *pilaf* and placed it in the long-suffering Prince's mouth. This start made, each guest then partook, as usual, of his own particular corner of the dish opposite to him, and none ever touched his neighbour's rice. Other succulent dishes followed. Prince Louis displayed his usual charming tact during this hospitable feast,

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and before leaving he handed some token of friendship to the *Vali* who hardly ever saw me later without a nice allusion to one of the best of England's Admirals. The visit was never forgotten by Prince Louis who enjoyed the novelty very much and often spoke of it when we met at the United Service Club. He recognized that he had brought it on himself, as before we sat down the *Vali* asked whether he preferred to eat *à la Turka* or *à la Franque*. He had cast his vote for Turkish fashion so none of the Pasha's beautiful table service was used on this occasion.

The following evening we entertained the Admiral with senior officers and local officials and their wives at dinner, and the next night we gave a dance to which Prince Louis, the Prince of Siam and some fifty officers and many residents came. It was seven o'clock in the morning before the last of our guests had left us and the visit of the fleet came to a close.

There was an amusing incident when some of our blue-jackets came on shore and were having a talk in the office of an English business man. A small Moslem boy had found a cigarette which he was smoking in the street outside. As it was the fast of *Ramazan* the police were about to administer chastisement for what, in their eyes, was so grave an offence against God and his Prophet when the boy, pursued by the constables, rushed in to take refuge in Mr. Gout's office. It was too much for the feelings of our kindly sailors, always on the weaker side, so instead of the boy receiving punishment they proceeded to chastise the intruders as they thought

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the case deserved. A row naturally followed, and as the policemen were getting the worst of it one hurried off and came back with others ; but this did not improve matters and only when they had beaten an undignified retreat was quiet restored.

Had it ended there I probably should not have heard of this incident, but it was followed by a matter of more serious nature in the eyes of those charged with upholding the then tottering Turkish prestige. The undaunted blue-jackets returned when next allowed on shore accompanied by a small ship's dog, a rough terrier which also required exercise, dressed in Turkish baggy trousers and short jacket with a red fez on his head. As they passed through the streets they kept calling him by the name of Sultan, which they gave him for the occasion, and it was not long before the zealous police were in pursuit of the funny party. This time official notice of the grave want of respect towards his Padishah was sent to me by the Governor. The result of his complaint did not turn in his favour, however, as when our sailors were about to enter one of the boats flying the British ensign to return to their ship the Moutasarif had ordered the officials on duty to prevent their embarkation, and to use force if necessary. This was looked on as an insult to the flag and, instead of our seamen who were out for nothing but a bit of fun being severely punished, the poor Governor had to make official reparation.

It was about that time that there was an eclipse of the moon, of which I am reminded by the great eclipse of the

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sun which some of us have been so fortunate as to see in England. In those older days in Turkey it was not permitted to foretell such events, as it would be interfering with the power of God that they should be known beforehand and fixed for a certain date. To the faithful an eclipse was not a shadow but the act of a demon that was swallowing the moon gradually as it disappeared from view. There was great excitement on that night when the report went round that the moon was being gobbled up, and the people came out of their houses in hundreds with everything they could lay hands on that would make a noise, such as pots and pans and petrol tins, which they hammered with sticks or stones to make as great a din as possible while they shouted loudly.

For a long time the demon would not be frightened, but at last fear overcame him and he began to disgorge the crescent-shaped portion he had already swallowed, and as it emerged again very slowly from his great jaws excitement increased and shouts of joy went up from the crowds, and the noise became ever louder. It was not until the whole surface of the moon was again visible that the excited people returned home, rejoicing at the success of their united efforts. There was not so much disturbance at an eclipse of the sun we saw, as the moon's crescent is part of the Ottoman emblem and its loss, should the accursed demon swallow it entirely, would have been to the older Turk in his moment of excitement of far greater importance than the disappearance of the sun.

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A THOUSAND CHANGELESS YEARS

It would be surprising at the end of ten years passed in a country such as Asiatic Turkey, with the advantage of constant travel and an intimate knowledge of the language, if one did not know almost as much as the people themselves of their mode of life and quaint habits. It is when one comes to write of what one has seen and heard that difficulty arises, not in finding something to say but in selecting from the many things that flock to the mind ; and often with the feeling that the reader may not share the writer's interest in what seems to him to be worth recording. If I take the risk in giving a few customs, centuries old, from many I noticed, and stories from hundreds I heard, it is with the hope that they may shed some light on the primitive ways of the village Turk, who only now is changing from what he has been since the early days of Islam.

Some Moslem burial customs and beliefs are interesting, but it may be that not all of those I saw and heard exist outside particular rural areas. When a person dies the body is washed with boiling water, rubbed strenuously with hard cloths and then more water is poured over it, as if the departed had never had a bath. Special men and women perform this service. They receive money, a piece of new soap and a hempen washing cloth in return, as well as the clothes the dead person last wore. The body is then tightly wrapped in a winding sheet, the ends tied above the head and below the feet. No coffin is used. When it is laid in the grave, boards

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are placed over it supported by ledges on each side, high enough to permit the body to rise to a sitting posture, and after an hour these boards are covered with earth. During that hour the spirit is thought to return. Two angels, Nakir and Munker, come to the head of the grave and ask certain questions of the spirit as to the religious belief and life of the departed, one to the right recording what is good, the other to the left, the bad. Then the body endeavours to rise, but as the head meets the boards it falls back and finally exclaims: "Ah, I am really dead, I am gone, poor me", and then the gall bladder bursts. In Turkish "öd" means the gall bladder, and the expression "ödüm patladeu"—my gall bladder has burst—is often used to signify great fright.

While the body is being washed food is cooked, generally a rice *pilaf*, and distributed to the poor after the burial, and prayers are said for the soul of the departed before the body is taken to the grave. Those eating also recite prayers, such as *Allah Rahmet wirsun*—may God grant mercy. Christians boil *bulghur*, a preparation of wheat, putting in it sugar, sweetmeats and raisins, and they make as large a display as means permit. Showbread blessed by the priest, who takes his share, is distributed, and again after forty days, six months, and then on each anniversary. Deaths are numerous, especially among children, so Christian priests appear to have no bad time as in wealthier families offerings are costly.

Women do not follow to the grave but stay at home,

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where among Christians there is much weeping before the return of the men who all swarm in and create a diversion by the necessary preparation of refreshments. The outburst of grief is uncontrolled—the greater it is the better the funeral, seems to be the impression carried away by friends. Among Moslems there is more restraint, little crying and as great an outward appearance of quiet resignation as possible. To cry, they believe, tortures the soul of the departed. They also do not wear mourning. The women are supposed to remain indoors for some days, and during this time both Christian and Moslem men do not shave their beards. In certain parts Moslems place a covered pitcher of water in the graves of very old persons. After seven years, if the tomb is opened to receive another body, the water is taken and carefully preserved. It is thought to act as a cure against fever and some other forms of sickness.

To turn to the brighter subject of marriage customs, these vary according to position and financial status, but the general procedure among Moslems was as follows before the present marriage laws were introduced, and in some respects it remains the same to-day. The first act is the *Nishan*, or engagement. In the days before the recent emancipation of women, when in the towns young people had not the opportunities they have to-day of meeting, the mother and sisters of the man would arrange the marriage, after finding out all they could about the girl. Whether the girl found out as much about the man was not supposed to be of great importance. In rural districts, where Moslem

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women were not veiled and they could come and go freely to some extent except in more rigid homes, the bride-to-be would doubtless know something about the man, and might even have a word to say on her own future. But as the wives of the wealthier town-dwellers were for the most part purchased, marriage in their lives, like so many other acts, was a matter of *Kismet*—and who can say that fate or luck plays no part in our own unions, in spite of Western advantages ?

At the *Nikah*, or formal betrothal, presents such as rings are exchanged and preliminaries are discussed as to the money or goods to be given to the future wife or her parents. This ceremony is partly religious, the *Khoja* being present if those engaged are Turks, or the Sheikh in the case of Fellahin or Arabs. The girl is then asked three times if she wishes to marry the man or not and generally waits until the third time before she answers. During this she stands on one side of a door in a room, and he on the other. If she cannot be present another may stand proxy for her. The ceremony is closed by offering *Nikah Sherbeti*—betrothal sherbet—to those present. The *Khoja* reads verses from the Koran and congratulations follow.

The final act, the *Düghün*, or marriage ceremony, usually lasts three days, and follows closely upon the *Nikah*. Wednesday is often fixed for the Henna Night, when the hands and feet of the bride are washed in henna, only she and other women being present. The man also uses henna, but most often only on his little finger. The formal *Düghün*

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takes place on Thursday, when the bridegroom enters the room of the bride and, taking her by the hand, the last religious ceremony is performed. Much feasting follows, in villages to the sounds of noisy music from reed instruments and tom-tom drums, the general discord which never ceases resembling what is often heard on similar occasions in India. At last the happy pair are left alone together. I often wondered, while listening to the din, what a disastrous effect this long drawn-out ceremonial would have on our marriage rate if it were to take the place of our own easier despatch, sometimes lasting but a few minutes at a registry office.

After the serious part of the ceremony is over the young pair endeavour to tread on each other's feet, it being said that whichever succeeds in stepping on the foot of the other has gained the mastery and will rule the new home. In a custom sometimes followed the bride kneads dough mixed with honey and pastes it on the door of her room on the wedding eve, the reason being that dough is an emblem of good fortune, while the honey means that the new life will be a happy one.

If a woman was jealous of her *ortak*—partner—that is, another wife of the same man if he had two, she rubbed pig-fat on the bed-clothes or under-linen of the other, as she believed that the husband would then hate her rival and bestow all his love on her. This custom will fade from memory if polygamy, now abolished, does not return.

There is a curious superstition that when persons are

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going to be married there should be no knots in the linen they wear. Shirts and under-garments are carefully examined because should there be any the man will become impotent ; and the same result will occur if anyone bearing a grudge carries a string or thread and makes knots on it in the presence of the bride or bridegroom during the days of the ceremony.

An amusing incident happened one summer when we were at Guezneh. Mahmoud, one of our kavasses, an elderly man, married and found himself in great trouble after the guests had departed. He had always looked upon us as his best friends and thought I would help him if anybody could, so he hurried up to Guezneh, a ride of three hours, arriving before dawn. He recited his sad story. Feeling that I must do something, I took a few tabloids of some harmless nature, possibly quinine or aspirin, from my medicine chest and gave them to him saying to take one or two every few hours after which all would be well. He left me with blessings. Riding home, he let me know next day that he felt as happy as a young man. During the three days occupied by a wedding a small flag is raised over the entrance of the house, or garden, which is only lowered when the marriage has been consummated. In Mahmoud's case it was taken down soon after his return from the visit he had paid me. I have always remembered this episode as a good example of the influence of mind over matter.

Before polygamy was abolished there used to be many conditions respecting it. For instance, the husband had to be

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able to provide separate abodes for his wives, the chimneys of one not being within view of the others. In practice, however, one home was shared and the wives dwelt in it together, for better or worse. In ordinary households it was said that each wife got so much flour, butter and other food for her separate use ; but this, also, was unusual, and the whole family shared the food. I have heard of feuds caused between wives because the more favoured one received a larger share and became proportionately fatter than the others—a thing admired in Eastern wives of the old type. Possibly this taste has been changing in more recent times as since Turkish women have discarded their loose outer cloaks and have adopted Western fashions it is surprising to see their neat, slim figures, not one in a score appearing to be fatter than the average woman in England.

Now that polygamy no longer exists in Turkey marriage laws are the same for men and women, and civil marriage has become obligatory while the religious ceremony is only optional. At a wedding at Eski Shehr, lately, between Moustapha Bey of the Public Works Department and Memdouha Khanem, one of the teachers in the primary school, several hundred guests were invited and the notary, Emin Bey, drew up the marriage contract. It contained the following clauses : (1) The marriage is a civil one. (2) The couple have the same legal rights. (3) Any act which might interfere with this equality has the effect of trampling under foot the sacredness of the family. (4) Until such time as living becomes easier both parties must work. (5) The

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settlement at the time of the union is fixed at five hundred Turkish pounds, the same sum to be paid in the event of divorce, either party asking for a separation to hand over this amount to the other immediately. The account of the wedding goes on to say that after the marriage contract had been signed dancing commenced. Good old Moham-medans would turn in their graves at this most modern scene.

It is not easy to uproot old traditions and ideas by a stroke of the pen. About a year ago an interesting case was related of the startling effect of the sudden abolition of polygamy on a Turk of the older school. Akhram Bey, a wealthy and distinguished man, was loathe to disband his harem, consisting of thirty-six wives and concubines. Dressed in his gala robes, we are told, he invited the women to a sumptuous banquet. During the repast he found opportunity to sprinkle belladonna on the last sweet dishes. Next morning, when the banqueting hall was entered, Akhram Bey and his beautiful women lay dead.

Curious remedies are still used in the East, in parts where skilled doctors are non-existent. When on one very rare occasion in the many years we passed there I fell ill and a doctor diagnosed my complaint as the depressing one of jaundice, the owner of our house at Mersina, a wealthy old Greek merchant, came to see me. On such occasions all friends and acquaintances feel it a duty to come constantly to inquire. What is worse, they expect to be admitted to see the patient, no matter how ill he may be, a custom to which

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we did not submit. But this time my old friend prescribed for me and I give his remedy. Take a bowl of milk from a yellow cow, place in it a piece of amber fastened on a string and leave it all night standing at the window in the moonlight. In the morning drink the milk and tie the amber bead round your neck. Do this on three successive days and you will be well. As I did not try this remedy I cannot say how efficacious it may be, but it is probably a very old one, handed down from times when amber was more costly than gold.

Another remedy for jaundice used by villagers is far less pleasant than that of the milk and amber bead. Take some earth-worms, pound them up and place them in a muslin bag. Let their juice drop into some *Komandaria* Cyprus wine and give the concoction to the sick person. It is said to act infallibly. It has, possibly, a remedial basis not contained in amber beads, and the worm, like the ant, may have medicinal properties, but this cure did not appeal to my taste.

For rheumatism, a cure generally adopted is to wrap the parts affected in the hot skin of a newly-killed sheep or other animal, which is supposed to draw out the inflammation. One day when my wife and I were travelling in the mountains we came upon a villager lying in the hot body of a dead bullock to cure himself of this illness. The same remedy is also used for bruises. Although the wild boar belongs to the genus of pig, held in such disgust by the Mohammedan that he will not eat its flesh, it plays a part in healing. Villagers go considerable distances to get some flesh of a

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newly-killed wild pig. At our summer *Yaila* near Mersina we were awakened late one night by a Moslem priest who had travelled three horseback hours to ask for a piece of wild boar we had been given, as he thought it would cure his sick wife. On another occasion the sister of a Sheikh came equally far for some wild pig-flesh to cure her father. They probably used the grease as an ointment, but it is strange that the pig should be thought even by Moslem priests to have specially healing properties. In certain parts of Anatolia the word pig must not be mentioned ; to speak of it is almost as great a sin as to eat of its flesh. In spite of this, once a Moslem woman came to one of our friends and asked her, as a Christian, to read prayers on some flesh or fat of a pig to transform it into a *nuskha*, or charm, so that when she rubbed it on her arm it would cure her pain.

One day, Polybe, my dragoman's son, saw a man lying on the ground bleeding profusely. Another stood over him and Polybe thought that there had been a quarrel, or that murder was being committed. He rushed up to separate them, but the man standing told him that the other was suffering from sunstroke and he had hit him a blow on the nose to make it bleed, as blood-letting was the best remedy.

In another case a man wounded a brother sportsman. The bullet was extracted with a penknife, and into the wound some warm pitch was inserted and pressed home. When cold it was extracted with the knife which had been left in the wound on purpose. The object was supposed to be to clear away the small pieces of jagged flesh, the pitch also

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acting as a healer. This was repeated later, but after the first operation the man was made to walk home some ten miles to keep the limb from becoming stiff.

Many of the less enlightened people seldom call in a doctor, but go to the Sheikh or *Khoja* who writes a *nuskha*, and this is supposed to cure them. The *nuskha* is put to many other purposes in the East and in some parts even by educated people. My wife lost some valuable jewellery at Guezneh and we suspected the assistant cook, a young Armenian. Some of our Greek friends told us to try a *nuskha*. The Moslem *Khoja* was therefore called and, taking some pieces of bread, he wrote a charm with ink on the crusts. All our servants were then assembled and a piece was given to each to eat, while he mumbled some incantation. He then left us with the assurance that the thief would now be obliged to confess his crime and return the lost objects. But our faith in charms was rudely shaken as nothing resulted on this occasion. A few days later, however, the Armenian was found by Dr. Metheny at the American Mission showing the jewellery to a friend. He fled, pursued by the doctor who gave chase for a mile or more across country, the thief scattering rings and brooches as he ran ; when captured other valuables were found on him. When brought to justice the Judge found him guiltless, a finding not infrequent in those times in Turkey when a bribe had passed. It is told that once when money was accepted to decide a case in a man's favour, and he afterwards asked the reason why it was given against him, the

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worthy Judge said he deeply regretted the inconvenience caused and, handing back the sum received, he added that the man's adversary had been more liberal ; but he hoped that a future occasion might arise to enable him to make reparation for disappointment.

In numerous cases of illness in remote villages I doctored people with harmless tabloids from Burroughs and Welcome's most useful chest without which I seldom travelled far. The villagers would come to describe their symptoms and to ask me to cure them. The right medicine was given where very little medical knowledge made it possible to diagnose the case ; but in others something was administered that could not hurt, and often with good results. I would frequently be told next day by grateful patients that they already felt better, and with the help of God and my remedy health would soon be restored.

During the many years I had passed in Asiatic Turkey I had not heard of cancer among the many ailments met, nor was it mentioned by any of our medical friends. This scourge has been attracting so much attention in England that I made more special inquiries when travelling in the Near East again lately. I was told by doctors that they rarely met a malignant case. Dr. Bedir, who had attended us for several years in Asia Minor and who is now practising in Beyrout, told me that in all his long experience in Asiatic Turkey he could not recall having treated one fatal case of this disease. There are two reasons why this comparative immunity is interesting connected with that country : the

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people eat but little meat and what food they do eat is entirely free from preservatives. Bread made from cereals, roughly ground between soft millstones that leave the flour coarse and unrefined, with every particle of nutriment in it, unbleached and without the addition of chemicals ; thick sour milk, called *yaourt*, which we know as that of Metchnikoff ; a little cheese and vegetables, or fruits of any kind obtainable—these with little else form the daily food of the Turkish peasant. He works harder on it throughout a twelve hour day than we do on meat and other nutrients during our much shorter one of eight hours. I venture to suggest that the absence of preservatives in all these simple foods, the sunny climate and pure air may have something to do with the general immunity of the rural Turks from cancer.

WITH GUN AND ROD IN CILICIA

The Near East may still be regarded as the sportsman's paradise. It has many attractions for those who like to rough it and yet to feel that they are sure of a good show of game at the end of a delightful day. It must be said that no luxury exists off the beaten track in these countries where hotels and food are modest, and in remoter parts, more to the south, tents become an advantage if not a necessity ; indeed they add much to the pleasure of expeditions in lands where fine weather may be counted

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upon at most seasons of the year. All who know the Levant intimately will agree that there are many regions easy of access in the Balkans and Asia Minor where good sport awaits those who love a tramp with a gun over dogs through wild and picturesque country.

Of all the places in the Near East where good sport may be enjoyed within easy distance from the coast, none compares with the Cilician plains of Asia Minor and the foothills of the surrounding mountains, never to be forgotten by any who have lived there. Sheltered by the Taurus to the north from the keen winds blowing from the Caucasus over the Anatolian plateau, covered deep in snow in winter, and to the east by the Amanus range, these sea-bordered plains are an ideal hibernating spot for many kinds of game birds, and others are found here throughout the year. There are also great passages of quail in autumn and spring. Towards the eastern end of the plains, near the Gulf of Alexandretta, there are fallow deer and wild boar. If a party visited Cilicia excellent pig-sticking could be had at moderate expense, as horses are cheap and the country is suitable for this sport. The Circassians follow the pig on horseback, but they carry rifles instead of spears and shoot their boar while galloping at the end of an exciting run.

Round Ayas Bay, on the Gulf of Alexandretta, there is excellent woodcock shooting on the plain towards the sea and in the foothills of the Amanus, well known to our older naval officers as a favourite shooting rendezvous before the War where many a cock has been shot in the bushes bordering

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the Issus stream. A pleasant spot may be selected for the shooting camp, near a clear rivulet within reach of a village from which general supplies can be obtained. In the early morning, before it is warm, the lower ground is shot over as the woodcock have come down from the hills. The slopes may be followed later when the hot sun, even in winter, tempts the birds to take refuge higher up until they again descend in the cool of the early evening. As my mind wanders back to Mersina days, one of many pleasant reminiscences is connected with this sport.

The francolin lives all the year on most parts of the Cilician plains. From Mersina it was easy to reach the myrtle bushes he loves that grow on the lower hill slopes to the east ; and in a few hours, if one shot straight and with a good dog, a bag of ten or twelve brace might be made. This is the black partridge so many know who have been in India ; no better game-bird flies. Rickards, one of our English friends at Mersina, was a companion who often came with me on shooting and other expeditions, and when sport was the object of our trip I never failed to take with me my good old kavass, Mahmoud. He was a wonderful shot from the left shoulder and seldom failed to bring down his bird. Sometimes he would ask me, if he had no special duty, to give him some cartridges and he would bring home something for the pot. In a few hours he would return with almost as many head of game as empty cartridge cases.

Round the considerable inlet from the sea near Tarsus, interesting historically as the ancient Rhegma where

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Cleopatra came to meet Antony, there are marshes where I have enjoyed excellent wild-fowl shooting. Eyres, with others from our Consulate and Embassy at Constantinople, used to find it worth while to come the long journey for this sport. In the lower hills of the Taurus, red-legged partridge abound ; it is not always easy to approach them, but with the help of a good dog they and hares give an enjoyable tramp.

In the spring, when the sesame crop is ripening, great numbers of quail are to be found over the Cilician plains. The natives have an interesting way of catching them. A man carrying what resembles a landing net walks through the fields, and over his head he has a light frame of sticks covered in black cotton stuff, concealing his face and the upper part of his body, in which holes are cut for the eyes. It is shaped like a large kite. Or he takes off his coat and, buttoning it over his head, he peeps out as he walks slowly along. He sees the quail running, but as it looks back at this strange object it soon appears mesmerised and sits down and the man cleverly scoops it up. He may catch scores of quail in a morning with this contrivance called in Turkish an *abba*. It is a curious form of poaching to watch but one which does not appeal to the true sportsman.

The wealthier natives are fond of hawking and many well-trained birds are to be found, especially among the Circassian settlers. Hares and all kinds of game-birds are followed, but the best sport is the pursuit of francolin which fly strong and fast for long distances but are eventually tired out. The riders form a line and move forward slowly

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as beaters until the bird rises, when the hawk is freed while they gallop after. There may be several flights during which it eludes the hawk, but at last it is pounced upon and this noble bird ends his career in the stew pot that night. Many good gallops are enjoyed this way.

Moufflon are found on the open grass-clad hills of Karaman, to the south of Konia, across the Taurus from Cilicia. This elusive species of wild sheep resembles the oorial many of us know who have served in India and have stalked in the Salt Range of the Punjab. It is wild and wary wherever found, but in Karamania it seems even more difficult to approach than any I have seen in India, and few are shot. The best way to stalk them is by wearing the same dress as the local shepherd and to wander over the hills with one of these peasants and his flock. In this way, and with much patience, it is possible to get a shot.

The haunts of ibex are in the higher Taurus above the Cilician plains. It is difficult shooting as their fastnesses are over precipices in rugged heights, and if they ever descend to lower grazing places they do so only at night. There is a ridge of these precipitous mountains between the outer hills and the high rounded summits of the Boulghar and Dumbelek Daghs, at whose foot the Cydnus river rises. In summer when we lived in Guezneh we sometimes used to ride in a couple of hours to the Cydnus valley and camp by the stream. I would climb after ibex or we would fish for trout.

It was a beautiful spot in these pine-clad hills where the

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stream had already broadened into wide pools not too overhung to fish. The trout were as game as any I have hooked and not too fastidious, so a good basket was generally made in these beautiful surroundings, and under the most enjoyable conditions. Friends used to come with us and camp near by ; it was always a pleasant holiday when pressing Consular duties did not make it necessary to be near the port. Apart from sport, the fishing was sometimes amusing when such friends as des Pallières, a most original fisherman and an excellent fellow, came and joined us on the river. Before long this excitable Gascon would shout to say he had hooked a great fish, and at first I would hurry to him to land it ; but I would find that it was only one of his flies caught in a switchy bramble in the bottom of the stream. I would return to my rod disappointed, only to be recalled for a similar " fish ". Des Pallières was always under the impression that it was a trout he had hooked and not a stick, and he used to call out in French : " Come quickly, I have another, but this time it is larger than the last ". The line would quiver from the movements of the rapid stream, but I do not remember his catching a single trout all the time he was with us. Nevertheless, I know he enjoyed his sport, and many times I heard him telling Mersina friends all about his wonderful fishing on the Cydnus.

The villagers like trout, but they are not sportsmen. The tackle they use is a dynamite cartridge, thrown into the best pools and causing ghastly havoc among the smaller fish. In spite of this horrible massacre the delightful river

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is still well stocked and its cool waters afford a happy home for those trout that survive their less fortunate brethren.

During trips for sport pleasant evenings were passed sitting round the camp fire outside the tents, where the villagers would come to converse while sipping Turkish coffee and smoking cigarettes. On these evenings I would gain information for my next day's sport, and many amusing stories were also told, which if remembered would fill a book. In those days the Turk never mentioned his wife or wives, and if you asked after them he spoke of his *familia*, and not directly of his harem ; but they were fond of talking of women in general and amusing tales were told connected with them.

I was anxious to know from these country people what position women held in the household, and whether they were treated as inferior beings to whom not only the right of a soul was denied but also any position of authority in the house. When I asked this one night, as some dozen or more Moslem villagers were seated round the camp fire, a discussion arose among them on this point and whether the husband was generally afraid of his wife or not. After a time one said that they would put it to the proof, and they agreed that any who really feared their wives should stand up, the others remaining seated. In an instant all were standing except one, an old grizzly-bearded Turk over whose face came a look of dismay. His companions glanced down at him and a roar of laughter followed as one said : " Why, Ahmed Agha, you dare to remain seated after what you have heard ; the whole village knows that of all of us you are the most afraid

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of your wife. Why don't you stand up ? " Ahmed Agha could hardly find words to speak, but at last he exclaimed : " Aman ! Aman ! (Mercy) the very word *avrat* (woman) fills me with such fear that my legs tremble so it is impossible for me to rise ". There is no doubt that rural women have always enjoyed greater liberty than those dwelling in towns and they have generally gone unveiled. They had considerable influence over their husbands in the old days, especially if they were still young, but to-day their position is still better as the present ruler has forbidden polygamy and has given men and women equal legal rights.

My dragoman's son, Polybe Loiso, who was with us on many shooting trips, once told the following story to our village guests, evoking hearty laughter. A Turk who lived at Bouloukli, where the Loisos had a summer house, looked after it for them in winter. He came one day and asked Loiso for five pounds advance on his pay as caretaker. He said it was badly needed and gave no peace until it was paid. He then went to a neighbouring village and came back with a second wife who was a woman he had liked for some time. He was in the habit of beating his first wife, possibly to prove to the other woman his greater love for her, and as this continued after her marriage she became frightened that her own share of beating might soon commence.

One day, when the brutal husband was out, the two wives agreed to give him a good lesson, and they hid two stout sticks under some sacks ready for the man's next onslaught. It was not long before he returned and picked a quarrel

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with his first wife, but suddenly the second wife sprang for the sticks and, hitting him a smashing blow on the head with one, she gave the second stick to her ill-used companion and between them they left him prostrate. When he had sufficiently recovered to move he went to the Loisos to have his wounds dressed as the women refused to help him. This ended the wife-beating and from that time there was not a more obedient husband in all the district.

TO AND FRO IN ASIA MINOR

It is by travel in a country like Turkey that true knowledge of the people is acquired. Many foreigners who live in Constantinople know little more of the Turk than if they resided in Africa. Indeed, the opinion they form is often worse than useless. The inhabitants of the old Metropolis used to have little in common with their village brothers of Asia. Most of the upper class families have been settled there for generations, the men either intermarrying in their own set or taking as wives ignorant girls from Anatolia. Their biassed statements were not worth recording on anything connected with their country, while cunning and duplicity left such a strong impression on the minds of foreigners obliged to associate with them that the whole race of Moslem Turk was damned for the defects of these few.

The village Turk of Asia Minor is honest, as men go, and

To and fro in Asia Minor

very hospitable. If he seems to bargain with the traveller over the price of his chickens or eggs it is because there is no standard value to guide him. I remember when we were at the summer *Yaila* of Guezneh we were disturbed one morning by loud talk under our windows. We looked out and saw our Armenian cook, Hagop, seated opposite to a villager haggling over the price of some chickens. We asked what it was all about ; the difference between them was not much more than a penny a bird, so we told Hagop to pay the man and let him go ; but our surprise was great when the owner of the fowls got up and took them with him. He sold them at Dr. Metheny's house, close by, for the first price he had demanded from us and, being curious, I asked the doctor the reason. He explained that the man did not know their value, but thought they might be worth more when we readily offered to pay what he was asking. In places in Anatolia where prices were more or less established I always found that the Moslem Turk did not ask more than what was usual.

In Asiatic Turkey, except in the larger towns or villages where there is a small hotel or *khan*, the custom prevails that the traveller receives hospitality from one of the less poor families. No questions are asked in Moslem houses as to whence he comes or his business, or when he means to pass on farther. This would not be considered right as it might be taken as a hint that he was not wanted. But at the end of three days inquiry may be made. No payment is asked for what he receives and many poor are thus given a free

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lodging. A difficulty I often experienced on leaving a house where I had been guest was to know how to pay for the expenses incurred by my visit. I soon found that to offer money was useless. At the same time it was clear that my hosts could not afford to receive me as well as my servants and horses for nothing. The plan I adopted was to make friends with the children and in saying goodbye to place in one of their hands a sum I knew to be more than sufficient. If the child was small some of the silver *mejidihs* might fall to the ground and a protest would follow from the mother ; but meantime I had mounted my horse and with *Allaha asmarladuk*—I commend you to God—from me, followed by *oghlar olsoun*—may good fortune accompany you—from my kind entertainers, I would leave with mutual pleasant recollections.

Travel was in those old days one of the pleasantest duties of the military Consul. Its object was to visit distant places, very often in almost inaccessible mountains in which small Christian villages lay scattered near those of unfriendly Moslems, where we had to show that they were not forgotten, and that our country, whose name was then held in great respect, was watching over the welfare of our co-religionists. We also made journeys for reconnaissance and topography, as one of the objects of our mission in Asiatic Turkey was to assist in bringing up to date the very imperfect maps of the peninsula. The work done in this respect assisted materially in the war operations carried out by the Russians and ourselves in our great campaign.

To and fro in Asia Minor

Hospitality has some disadvantages in Asia, one being that you have to accept it whatever form it takes and no matter how unpleasant it may be sometimes. On a mapping journey, once, I stopped near Kaisarieh, under the glorious Argaeus Dagh close upon 14,000 feet high. It had been a sultry day and my head ached from the sun. I longed for tea ; but before my Circassian kavass, Murad, could prepare it, the village hostess had brought in the usual low round table laden with every kind of food these people eat. I made a dive into the nearest bowl—the contents were a mixture of curdled milk and onions, which they consider a refreshing delicacy. I had done my duty but I felt upset and anxiously looked for Murad. He came at last with the tea. My surprise was great to see the milk in a china article certainly never used by us on a tea table. I wondered what I should do, take milk or possibly offend these poor people by refusing, and I could guess what had happened as in remote Asiatic villages the vessel in question is only used for ornamental purposes. Indeed it had been bought in a neighbouring town as something decorative for the table, so I took the milk without showing that this way of serving it would not be considered polite in my country.

In one of my frequent journeys to places in the Taurus Mountains, where Armenian or mixed Armenian and Moslem villages were remote, I found that bad feeling existed and trouble was not unlikely to break out. It was just one of those periods of recurring excitement under the old rule when Moslem feeling became difficult to control and

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bloodshed followed, we had reason to believe under orders from Abdul Hamid.

My arrival in one such place, where possibly no foreigner unless a missionary had ever been seen before, caused great interest and my visit did not please the Moslem inhabitants. I walked through the village at different hours when it was most crowded. The son of my Dragoman had overheard that if I again visited the bazaar the Moslems would cut my throat ; from the angry look on some faces this did not seem unlikely, but had I shown personal fear and not appeared again this fate would have been more probably that of the Armenians after I had left the neighbourhood. So there was nothing to be done but to continue the walks while prolonging my stay for several days. Nothing occurred, but before leaving I told the local Governor what I had heard ; I said that he would be held responsible if harm came to the Christian villagers. *Bash ustundeh*—it is on my head—was his reply, the usual expression when giving a promise or accepting a responsibility. I agreed with him, as he might have had to pay with his head if loss of life among the Christians had followed.

I passed on to Zeitoun in the central Taurus. It is an Armenian village perched in the most precipitous parts, a human aerie, and hardly seen until its outer walls are reached. I called on the Governor who handed me a secret cipher telegram from my Ambassador. It told me of the Armenian attack on the Ottoman Bank at Constantinople and his fears that acts of reprisal might follow in the provinces against

To and fro in Asia Minor

Armenians and other Christians. I was to take all possible measures for their safety. As the Zeitoun Armenians were among the bravest of their race this place, which is some five days' march from Adana, had always been the scene of strife in troubled times. I therefore decided to remain some time longer, informing the Governor of what had happened and sending warning telegrams to my Dragoman at Adana and Mersina. But all remained quiet in the district where I was Consul. It was only some years later, after I had been appointed by the Foreign Office to a post in Bulgaria, that the horrible massacre of Armenians at Adana occurred.

When I crossed the Taurus I always found a comfortable guest room in one of the Circassian villages. The Circassians are a clean people and more civilized from our standpoint than the Turks, but they are somewhat of a terror to their Christian neighbours and no man's horses or cattle are quite safe in their vicinity. In such villages a dance would be given in my honour and the young Circassian men and maids would join in the *khora*. Forming a circle and joining hands, they move slowly round without much effort in a step very like what I often saw in the Caucasus, and later in Bulgaria. The young people seemed to enjoy it very much and dancing was kept up later than I often liked, as I should probably have to be in the saddle at five the next morning. What pleased me most was to see the boys and girls, the latter unveiled and smartly dressed, mixing and conversing together as we do.

On one of many journeys in wild parts of Asiatic Turkey,

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I stayed in the usual guest room of a village between Malatia and Kharpout, near the Euphrates. This beautiful part of the country and the Euphrates—"the fourth river of Paradise"—are described in fascinating detail by the late Dr. D. G. Hogarth in "The Wandering Scholar in the East". As usual, the whole village flocked in to see a thing so strange to them as a British Consul, where no specimen of this genus had ever passed before. We sat round a smoky fire as this village was very cold in winter, some four thousand feet above the Persian Gulf, and I was asked the usual innumerable questions about my country, such as whether it was not close to India; and one old fellow displayed his learning when speaking of the Boer War, then in progress, by replying to one inquirer as to where the Transvaal was: "Why you should know a thing so simple, of course it is near Japan".

After a time I was able to turn our conversation to things of greater interest to me connected with their own lives, such as the quaint religious beliefs prevalent among less educated Moslems, as indeed among similar people of other faiths. We finally came to the end of the world in our curious talk, and to my question as to what they believed would happen then I was told what follows. On the last day everything will be burnt to a cinder and a new world replace this one, with a new sun and moon. It will be a clear and level plain, without obstacles of any kind, so that were an egg placed on its surface it could be seen from every point, as far as the world extends. The dead return, so close together that they

To and fro in Asia Minor

are as the locked fingers of the hands. As flowers spring up from seeds every summer so all the people grow up again, from that part of the end of the spine where the tail of the monkey grows, which part never wastes, and from it the body forms once more. The prophet Mohammed then asks each one what his life had been on earth, whether good or bad, and judges him worthy or unworthy, weighing all in the balance.

I asked what would happen next ; did those raised then ascend to God to dwell with him for ever ? This suggestion was met with the exclamation *Astagfour allah*—God forbid ; no one goes to God, I was told, as He is above every earthly thing. Those judged to be good reach their new home in Paradise, while evil-doers are cast down to suffer torture in the burning flames of Hell.

While we sat conversing a woman entered with a large copper saucepan and much talk followed between her and the woman of the house, in which the men also joined loudly. The vessel had been lent that day to boil wheat to make *bulghur*, which is much eaten instead of rice in districts where this does not grow. She now desired to return it ; but she had to take it back as no brass or copper vessel, or any smudged with soot or other black, may be returned to the owner after sundown. In many parts of Turkey it is believed that to accept it would bring mourning, especially for a child, but the borrower was a stranger and evidently did not know what might be the terrible consequences of her act. The same superstition is attached to yeast, which if

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borrowed during the day must not be paid back after dark. In the Orient yeast is the token of life, and the person lending it believes that he would lose his means of livelihood were he to receive any back after the sun had set. The superstition regarding the spilling of salt is general among less enlightened Turks ; it is thought so wrong to let salt fall on the ground that many believe those who do so will have to pick it up with their eyelids in the next world.

I once remember asking for soap, and was surprised when the woman brought me a piece on the back of her hand. As I thought she had done it out of fun I made a pretext so that she should take it and hand it to me again ; she did so as before, and when I asked the reason she said that to give soap on the palm of the hand would cause a quarrel or bring bad luck. I recently had the same experience at Mersina. Another source of quarrel is to leave a broom or sweeping brush upright behind the house door. These are but a few of the superstitions which used to influence the life of the simpler village Turk.

ON THE FRINGE OF THE CAUCASUS

One of my consular posts was Erzeroum, which included the supervision of our vice-consulates in Kurdistan and the provinces of Bitlis and Kharpout ; thus it extended over all eastern Asiatic Turkey, from the Caucasus and Persia to the

On the fringe of the Caucasus

borders of Mosul. The immediate circumstance which led to my nomination was a journey of thirty days on horseback I made from my post at Mersina to Trebizond, on the Black Sea. On the way I stayed at Erzeroum with Robert Graves, our Consul, who told me that he would soon be leaving, and this led to my appointment, as it was then considered advisable that the head of this Consulate should be a soldier. My knowledge of Russian made this outpost on the borders of the great Slav State most interesting, apart from the novelty of life in wild Armenia and Kurdistan ; and the vast area over which my duties extended gave scope for the travel I loved, as well as for shorter expeditions with my wife and small daughter.

Erzeroum lies six thousand feet above the sea under the high peaks of the Palan Duken and Deveh Dag, on the southern edge of the great valley through which the Kara Sou, or western Euphrates, passes. During six winter months surrounding nature lies buried many feet in snow, but almost perpetual sunshine and absence of wind make Erzeroum an ideal place for ski-ing, skating, sleighing and tobogganing, and our evenings were passed at different consulates in dancing and other amusements. As spring approaches and the last snows in the valley are melted, myriads of flowers cover it as a richly coloured carpet.

From the windows of our Consulate we looked across this wide valley to the distant Doumlou Dag, on whose summit the Euphrates rises at a height of ten thousand feet. On one of our summer excursions we went up to its source, some

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of us riding and others in a bullock waggon. As we climbed higher and higher, the bare hills becoming more clearly outlined against the blue sky, we were fascinated listening to shepherds clad in goatskins piping and singing to their flocks. Our track followed the winding stream that becomes a great river as it descends to the sea, and here we overtook pilgrims, also on their way to the source, who told us legends of this holy spot and of the healing power of its waters. The Ten Thousand visited it and made sacrifice on their journey from the south to Trebizond, where they uttered their memorable words as they looked on the sea. Crusaders also added their sacrifices to those of many other Christians and Moslems who during long centuries have venerated these springs ; and as we reached them, bubbling up in a pool as clear as crystal, some peasants were slaying a goat as an offering to their God.

As we descended the Doumlou Dagħ to our fishing camp in a valley by the Euphrates, already forming a broad stream alive with trout which gave us excellent sport, one of the thick leather traces of our bullock wagon snapped and a night on the bare hills appeared to be the uncomfortable prospect. Fortunately our driver was a man of practised resource ; tearing off a piece of the ragged stuff which held up his baggy breeches, he quickly tied the broken ends together, and without further mishap we reached our tents several thousand feet below the source.

We were then on our way to the Tortoum valley to spend the summer in a house, and gardens fragrant with flowers and

On the fringe of the Caucasus

fruit blossoms, lent to us by the Gregorian Bishop. The village lies in the southern wooded hills of the Caucasus where the Tortoum Sou forms a delightful trout stream that wound close to our orchard. When at last it came to the time for our return to Erzeroum we had to hire pack animals for this journey. On such occasions it is necessary not only to secure sound and strong horses or mules but also to be certain that their owner will arrive with them at the appointed hour. These people are not less human than others where self-interest has to be reckoned with, and if there were no security to hold them to their bargain the traveller might be left in the lurch. It is usual to take some small sum from the owner, called *bey para*, or gage-money, which he forfeits if the agreement is broken. This does not compensate for the inconvenience caused if no animals arrive when all is ready, but as cash is scarce in those remote places it is almost certain to have the desired result when parted with for such an object. On this occasion the man said he had no money, but as I insisted that I must have more than his word he sat down to consider. Suddenly he hauled off his loose baggy breeches before us and offered them as a guarantee of good faith. My kavass took them without a smile and their owner was with us punctually at the appointed time next morning. The Turks and their women folk in country districts wear white cotton trousers under their dark outer ones, so this act was not really indecorous.

My travels in Kurdistan were extensive, in every direction from Erzeroum. One journey of about forty days took me to

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Van. As I was anxious to see the wilder Kurds in parts where Turkish officials dare not enter, I went in a straight line across country where I think no European had been before, and not by the usual wheel track. No Government mounted *Zaptieh* could be persuaded to accompany me and I only took one kavass as escort. This, possibly, may have been one of the reasons why I was received with hospitality and friendship in the countries of five different Kurdish tribes through which I passed. Other reasons may have been that my nationality was liked and respected, and I knew the language well. I put up each night in some village that happened to be not far off my track. The Kurds used to flock in the evening to the house of my hosts where, between the smoke of the dry cowdung fire and that of their own bad tobacco, I felt almost blinded as I went to bed ; my head was buzzing also from all the curious questions put to me which had to be answered whether I had any knowledge of their subject or not.

In the morning all the men would assemble on horseback with long matchlock rifles to bid me Godspeed. As we went they fired salvos in the air—my passage through these tribes must have cost them dear in bad smoky powder—and after a time they would leave me, just one accompanying me as far as the border. He dare not pass beyond as the tribes were generally in feud—I witnessed several skirmishes between neighbouring cattle raiders—so I would pick up another guide at the first village on the other side. It would have been difficult to find a way without such friendly

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assistance where nothing but faint tracks existed. The general direction was taken by compass bearings on prominent mountain tops that I knew by name and could see in the far-off distance. The Royal Geographical Society had been most kind in lending me certain instruments, and I was greatly indebted to Mr. Edward Reeves for advanced instruction in survey work. And so, as I went, the district was mapped and notes were taken of food and water supplies as well as of other things of interest for Reconnaissance Reports. This was the daily life of the military Consul from sunrise to sunset when travelling ; but enjoyment was great in such interesting surroundings and zest was added by this useful occupation.

At last the great inland sea of Van was reached whose waters are little less salt than those of the Dead Sea. It was towards the head of this lake that the track I had taken passed under the lofty Subhan Dagh, rising more than thirteen thousand feet above the sea and seven thousand over my way. So overpowering does this mountain look that it is regarded by Moslems with awe and veneration, and there are few who dare pass by without exclaiming *Subhan Allah*, in praise for this great work of the Almighty. Near it rises another beautiful mountain, the Nimrud Dagh, with circumference close upon five miles.

One day I overtook a Kurd with three or four sheep grazing by the way as he went slowly along. I spoke to him as I was interested to know why he was travelling with so small a flock in a place far from any habitation ; and he told me

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that he was on his way to Aleppo to sell the sheep. To reach that place at the pace the animals could travel would take at least three weeks, and he might receive only five shillings for each when he arrived. I relate this to show how scarce money is in such remote regions and how cheap the time of man.

Van is built beneath its citadel hill, in gardens through which many streams flow, lined with high poplars and pollard willows. These rivulets wind between the houses to the great lake, close to whose borders the city lies. The trees and the abundance of water reminded me somewhat of Fez, and my memory also led me back over many years to Kabul. The inhabitants are mostly Kurds, but there were also many Armenians before recent strife.

From Van I travelled to Kochannes, in the country of the Nestorians, away to the south east and not far from the confines of Mesopotamia. These people have a wonderful history dating to the time of the great Assyrian nation. They are now a handful of Christians in the wildest mountains close to the borders of Persia, surrounded on all sides by intractable Kurds. The Nestorians have lived for centuries fighting for their faith and liberty, yet they were able until our recent war to maintain their homes against all aggression; but since they became engaged in our cause their plight has been the worst in all their history, and most of them have been obliged to leave their homesteads and are now in poverty on the Mesopotamian side of the Turkish boundary. My wife met some Nestorians in the Punjab in 1917 who had

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wandered through Persia, starting originally from Van, in order to get help for their people.

During my visit to Kochannes I was received as guest in the house of the Mar Shimun—their Assyrian Patriarch and the ruler of the country. He was only a youth and he died while still quite young. At the time of my visit he was living with his sister, the Lady Surma, who was as charming a hostess as any in our own land. I recall this beautiful Nestorian princess in the picturesque national dress of harmonious Eastern colour, with her neat little cap of cramoisy adorned with glittering coins. The Mar Shimun and his sister spoke English perfectly and many of the younger people in the small town also knew it well, taught by Mr. Browne, a venerable English missionary who had devoted a great part of his life to these interesting people; he had lived in their midst like a kindly father to whom they all turned in time of need. The Lady Surma has been visiting England and America recently to awaken sympathy for her people. Let us hope their future may brighten owing to what we may be able to accomplish under our improved relations with Turkey.

After leaving Kochannes I passed a night in the house of a wealthy young Kurdish Bey who received me most kindly. He was doubtless glad to meet an Englishman, the first he had seen. His house contained a comfortable guest room, with many beautiful rugs on the floor and adorning the walls. Showy modern china from England was scattered about this room where there was also a large brass bedstead upon which the bedding was laid, instead of being unrolled on the floor at

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night which is the usual custom in smaller houses. This bed was a sign of great luxury, in fact almost everything appeared to be for show except the numerous guns and rifles which hung on one of the walls. The only objects I should have coveted were the carpets, but my host seemed to care for little except weapons ; he showed me his own with pride, telling some story connected with each gun or rifle of game brought down, whether feathered, four-legged or human.

I began to wonder whether I and my attendants would not add to his big score before the sun had risen high the next morning after he had examined my revolvers and ten-shot Lee-Metford sporting rifle. He seemed unable to talk of anything else except, to him, this wonderful arm, for which he offered in exchange any of his, with a sum in gold many times its original value. The only way I could resist his prayers was by stating what was not true, that it was the property of the British Government and I was responsible for its custody. As we went on our way early next morning I warned my attendants to keep a sharp look out, but nothing happened. Indeed, had I reflected, I need not have feared as, whatever might befall the stray traveller, the laws of hospitality in these wild countries forbid any act of treachery towards one who has been accepted as guest by these people.

Crossing in and out over the Persian frontier to the east of Lake Van, we reached Bayazid after riding from Kochannes for five or six days, having seen but little all the way except rocky mountains and a few small villages. I had no guide but the stars and a compass, with the occasional aid of a

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friendly Kurd. We camped outside this town on the open plain to the south of Ararat, close to the point where Russia, Turkey and Persia meet, and where the great road from the Mediterranean and Black Sea to the East—now a mere track—has passed for ages. I remained here for several days to obtain a clear view of the summit. At last it emerged from the mists, quite cloudless for a few hours, a rare occurrence even in summer as at a height of over sixteen thousand feet Ararat seems to attract clouds, even when other parts of the sky may be of the clearest blue. I was rewarded for my patience by some good photographs of this glorious mountain.

It was a few marches after leaving Bayazid that I stopped at a village late in the afternoon to see the *Kaim Mukam*, or Governor, of the district. During our conversation, one of the officials admired my revolver and showed me his own, on the stock of which was inscribed that it had been presented to Frank Lenz by his American cyclist club. Frank Lenz, on a bicycle tour round the world, had reached this place after crossing Asia, and here he was murdered. I said that it was a nice revolver which, if found on the official in a more civilized centre, might hang him. After this blunt speech I felt that my fate might be similar to that of the cyclist before I had gone far that evening, but here again I had no thrilling adventure. Nevertheless, the incident shows that it is but *kismet* of a protecting nature that keeps one from a bullet or the knife on such rash unescorted travel.

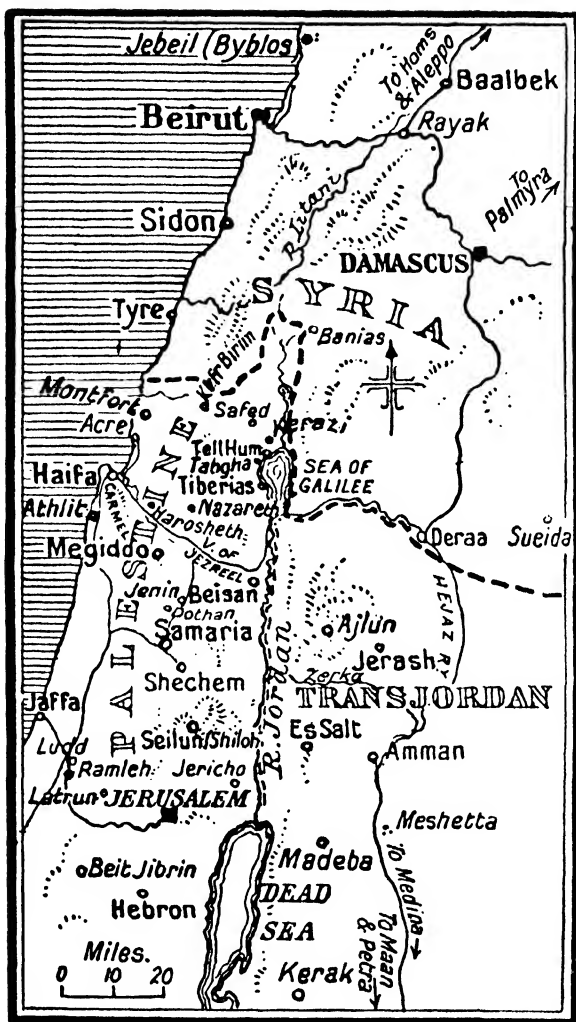
The rest of my long journey lay through broad open valleys with scanty pasture, covered in most parts with small

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stones, and the main route from Van leading back to Erzeroum was now entered. It joined the way by which we had reached that place from Tiflis and Kars many months before, when my wife, small daughter and her governess had their first taste of life in Kurdistan. As snow was falling fast and we had no tents we slept on a wooden platform in the middle of stables adjoining the house of our hosts, and considered comfortable by them on account of the warmth. The cows looked in on us as we took turns to undress, and the people also came to have a peep under the cotton sheeting that surrounded our primitive room. My family did not greatly enjoy themselves at the time but, talking over it since, we have often had a good laugh at this somewhat curious experience in the wild land of the Kurds.

PART TWO

The Promised Land



MAP II. PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

EASTWARD AGAIN

IT was not on the joys of travel in sunny lands that thoughts dwelt during the Great War, when all were engaged in service for the country. Gradually, however, when peace had come, mind pictures of old scenes returned, and with them the longing to see once more those lands of the East where we had passed happy years. At last the opportunity came, in the early days of 1925, and I found myself on one of the large Eastern liners crossing the Mediterranean from Marseilles. Life is so pleasant on these modern floating palaces, of lines such as the P. and O., Orient, Cunard and others that cruise round the blue Eastern Mediterranean many times every year, as one lies basking in the southern sun, that at the close of the journey the four days seem to have passed as a happy dream, and great as my desire was to gaze again on old scenes, yet it was with regret that I left the "Mongolia" at Port Said.

When I had passed this port many years before on journeys to India, it was a forbidding place in every way. Now it is a clean, modern Eastern town, with good hotels at which to rest while waiting for the evening train to El Kantara, where the Suez Canal is crossed to continue the journey to Jerusalem. It seems strange to those who knew

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the difficulties of travel in these countries before to be walking in the Holy City a few hours after leaving Egypt.

In no part of the world are the new conditions caused by the Great War more remarkable than in the countries bordering the Eastern Mediterranean. Into every one a new form of government has been introduced, and when it is remembered that some of these countries had been long under the corrupt rule of Ottoman Sultans it will be realized what a vast amount of ameliorative work there is to accomplish.

The task has not been neglected by those charged with the heavy burden, and there are already great changes which strike those who have dwelt in these lands before. New-comers will miss the fascination of comparison, but they need be in no doubt as to the many things of interest awaiting them under gradually improving conditions in Palestine, Syria, and what remains of Turkey. Travel will be found easier in passing through them, and they have not yet lost their oriental character, although much that gave to those lands their Eastern charm will in time vanish under Western influence.

In Palestine, under our Administration, we naturally expect to see more beneficial changes than in the other countries. In this we are not disappointed. What has been carried out there in the few years since the Armistice is most remarkable, and to the British Administration with its able officials, as well as to the Jewish Zionist Organization, must be given great credit for the rapid improvement. Better means of communication occupy a prominent place in the more material innovations, for some of which we have to

Eastward again

thank Lord Allenby. Those who enter Palestine from Port Said or Cairo, and find waiting for them across the Canal a comfortable train with sleeping-cars to take them in one night to Jerusalem, will think of the brave army that made the line over the sandy North Sinai Desert where nothing but camel tracks existed before. This engineering feat, so ably directed by General Paul, remains to-day one of the great achievements of our time, a lasting monument to those who perished in the Palestine campaign. The railway now runs from El Kantara to the junction of Lydda, with extensions to Jerusalem and Jaffa. From Lydda it crosses the Plain of Sharon to Haiffa,¹ then passes over the southern shores of the Sea of Galilee by Semakh to join the Hejaz railway at Deraa.

Hundreds of miles of roads have also been made. When the Turks had advanced to the Suez Canal, before we entered Palestine just ten years ago, they used palm branches and mats spread on the sand over which their heavy guns passed. We had a better contrivance, a double layer of wire netting pegged out tightly on the sides. Some seven hundred miles of this netting was imported from Australia, and this improvised means proved excellent for lighter traffic. Every spot of interest in the Holy Land is now within a few hours from Jerusalem by car, on roads as good as any in Europe, and Amman, the capital of Transjordan, and Beyrout, are easy of access in a short day's run through

¹ A good road connects Haiffa and Beyrout, by which cars travel in three or four hours; a railway is under consideration.

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beautiful scenery. Car hire is not expensive and, if desired, single seats can generally be booked to the principal places. Improved communications will add to the prosperity of the country, although the rural population may not immediately realize their advantages. Pack animals are still the general means of transport ; the laden camel or mule is more at ease on a soft track than on a metalled highway, but time may reconcile the village and tent dweller to speedy modern locomotion.

A census taken in October 1922 showed a total population of 757,182, comprising 590,890 Moslems, 83,794 Jews, 73,024 Christians, and 9,474 of other faiths. Now the total exceeds 800,000, and the Jews have more than doubled their numbers in the last five years, principally by immigration. Arabs form a vast majority in the rural districts, but only few find employment in the larger towns, where Jews and Christians hold almost a complete monopoly of the more lucrative occupations.

Improved housing is one of the many benefits conferred on the people by our Administration. Thousands of comfortable dwellings have been built in the last four or five years and sanitation is now receiving attention. Eye affections, which were so prevalent in some districts, are yielding to skilled treatment. The lepers, who used to beg in every street, are segregated in special settlements at the lower end of the Kedron Valley, outside Jerusalem. Good hotels are springing up, and such modern advantages as the Kodak and Cook's Travel Offices are not to be despised.

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Law is now administered with impartiality. It is based on our own legal system, adapted to local conditions. British Judges preside over certain Courts, but the majority are Palestinians selected from the three religious communities. Changes have been introduced lately into the organization of the defensive forces of Palestine and Transjordan. Native levies and an air force detachment now form the greater part of the troops.

Education was neglected everywhere under the rule of the Old Turk. Few schools existed then outside large towns, of which there are not many in the Holy Land. The rural population received no general instruction and only the sons of the well-to-do agricultural classes could read. The knowledge imparted was of the most primitive kind, parrot-like repetition of verses of the Koran, with rudiments of arithmetic as a secondary subject. The teachers were generally old grey-bearded *Khojas* or *Sheikhs* who knew little worth teaching.

Much is being done by us to raise the people of Palestine from their ignorance. Already two hundred rural schools have been opened. They affect the Moslems, mostly, who are anxious to learn; some have already attained sufficient knowledge to occupy responsible Government posts. Considerable difficulties still face us, however, as villages are small and far dispersed. Jewish schools are being opened in towns and Zionist rural colonies, supported for the most part by private funds. Under the able guidance of Mr. Bowman, Director of the Palestine Education

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Department, great progress can be already marked in general knowledge.

I saw schools which greatly impressed me when I was in Palestine recently : St. George's College, Bishop Gobat's school—both English—the Mohammedan School of Rowdet-el-Mouarif, and some French and Jewish schools including the Evelina de Rothschild Anglo-Jewish Association for girls, which I visited in company with Sir Edward Stern. As we walked there my friend remarked : “ I never knew a town where there is so much done by charity ” ; and “ Camels on one side and motor cars on the other ”. Long strings of these patient beasts of burden passed, with the usual little donkey leading to give the slow pace and carry the *dévéji*, or camel driver. The contrast was strange—the three-miler-an-hour beside the forty-miler ! Nothing could better picture the change that has come over the land called Holy.

Stern's observations on charity were brought back to mind as we entered the Jewish school. Nothing could be better organized under the careful management of Miss Landau and her assistant, Mrs. Levy. We saw the girls in their different class rooms, the impression left upon our minds by their smiling faces being that happiness was the key of all we saw. In the Kindergarten class of little girls the teacher, calling our attention to a small boy in girl's dress, with long hair and wearing a coloured cap, told us the following story. The mother of this child was a poor Yemenite, from a village far distant from Jerusalem. She had two children who both died when quite young. Her

Eastward again

grief was unbounded as she felt that her third child would also be taken from her by the evil spirits, so she decided to carry him far away and to disguise him so that he could not be recognised or pursued. When he was two years old the mother brought him to this school, saying that his hair was never to be cut, and he was not to be given a name. When we saw him he was five and her joy was unbounded at his escape from the endeavours of the evil ones to trace him.

In another class room the teacher showed us some of the English compositions of girls of about ten. I begged for a copy of one which I give as an example of the way a simple Jewish village child of Palestine can express her ideas under a good system of instruction. To explain Haya Bonoda's story it must be said that when it was written there had been no rain in Jerusalem for several months and a water famine was threatened, prayers being offered in all places of worship. I was on the flat roof of the Austrian Hospice one afternoon when the muezzins on the minarets of the Haram-es-Sherif were calling the faithful to pray for rain, and every church and synagogue was filled with supplicants. Soon there were loud peals of thunder, and torrents of much-needed rain fell on the parched city. Whether this was an immediate answer to Christian, Jewish or Moslem appeals has little to do with Haya's story, called "A Battle of the Clouds":

In a winter evening as I sat by the window and was looking at the sky which was full of clouds, I fell asleep. As I was sleeping the dream-angel came and this was the

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dream he brought. I was alone in a great field and lo, as I was standing looking around me, an angel came to me, took my hand and flew with me to heaven. At this I began to tremble, and asked the angel, "Where are you taking me?" The angel said in a kind voice, "Be not afraid, I want you to see a battle of the clouds". He took me to a place in the heaven and told me that this is where the clouds are fighting. Now I asked him which were the clouds for rain and which not. So he answered that the black are rain clouds and the white are passing away and no rain comes from them. Meantime the clouds came to the battleground, first the white and after them the black. Soon after their entry the battle began. First the white were the stronger, but suddenly the black began to fight with all their might till they conquered the white clouds. The battle was over and rain began to fall. At this I awoke and it rained really as I had dreamt.

Equally interesting was my visit to the boys' Mohammedan school of Rowdet-el-Mouarif, close to the site of Solomon's temple, where I was kindly received by the principal, Sheikh Mohammed-El-Saleh. The boys were being taught English, literature, mathematics and science. Unlike Mohammedan schools in the old days, the education is of a good standard, boys passing out being admitted to the American University at Beyrout without preliminary examination. I addressed the boys in Turkish, much

Eastward again

to the pleasure of those that still remembered it and that of the masters. The Eastern mind is simple and a little kindness goes far towards gaining the friendship and confidence of those to whom it is shown. The dormitories were spotlessly clean, as indeed was everything, and the greatest order prevailed in this school where there were more than 250 pupils. I was asked to sign the visitors' book and, turning the pages, I found the autographs "Winston Churchill" and "Herbert Samuel", entered when they had visited this school together in January 1921.

I attended the inaugural ceremony of the Jewish University by Lord Balfour. As I drove to the University by the road leading to the Mount of Olives, which passes the cemetery of our dead in the War of Liberation, the sight was one of animation such as I had never previously witnessed in this holy spot. Every carriage and other means of transport, from the luxurious car to the humble donkey, appeared to have been brought out for this occasion. One continuous line of traffic moved slowly towards Mount Scopus while another returned of empty cars. The good order showed how well organized our Palestine police force is to cope with emergencies.

The amphitheatre, facing the Dead Sea, was crowded long before the procession accompanying Lord Balfour appeared, winding its way slowly through dense masses of cheering people. With Lord Balfour were Zionist and foreign Christian notabilities. Their entry was greeted by ringing cheers and much hand-waving from the standing

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audience, and it was only when Lord Balfour and those with him, among whom Lord Allenby was an outstanding figure, were seated that calm was again restored.

Two things impressed me particularly connected with this event—one, the extraordinary enthusiasm of the Jews, the other the wonderful self-control and exemplary behaviour of the local Christians and Arabs. Beyond showing their feelings by passing the day in prayer, with closed houses and places of business shrouded in black, and shunning the precincts of the new University, the Mohammedans made no hostile demonstration of any kind ; and a similar attitude was taken by the Christian population. At Beyrout, in Syria, the Arab and Christian students at the American University did not attend as a mark of protest on the day of the arrival of Lord Balfour in Palestine. At Damascus, unfortunately, feelings overcame Oriental fatalistic calm. The violent demonstrations when Lord Balfour visited that city, a few days later, were the full measure of the agitation of the non-Jewish elements in Palestine and neighbouring lands.

A CITY SET ON A HILL

The early days of Jerusalem are veiled in mystery, but we know that its elevated position, dominating all the surrounding country, made it an ideal site for a holy shrine,

A City set on a Hill

and the worship of Baal flourished here. A town grew up round this religious centre, at first for the priests and those who served in the temple, but gradually it was extended and armed for defence. Later, Solomon made it a magnificent capital as well as a vast citadel. Walls surrounded it then which were succeeded by others at different periods of its growth, and their traces give rise to much controversy in fixing some of the more important sites of Christian times.

Wars raged round this spot at all times, entailing immense havoc, and in consequence Jerusalem is a disappointing place to-day as regards very ancient buildings of which there are but few. Yet sites of natural beauty outside its walls, and associations that time cannot efface, make this holiest of spots within "The Land of Three Faiths",¹ one of the most wonderful in the world for many people. In spite of so much destruction, few places of its size possess more worth seeing than Jerusalem, and not days but months can be passed here in visiting things of great interest.

The principal of those within the present walls are the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, high above the Via Dolorosa where inscriptions mark some of the stations of the Cross ; the site of Solomon's Temple, in the Haram-es-Sherif precincts, upon which the *Kubbet-es-Sakhra*, or Dome of the Rock, now stands ; and the wailing place near the Jewish quarter beneath Mount Zion, where Jews flock from all parts of the world and, clad in the national garb of the many lands over which they are now scattered, are seen on the evening

¹ *The Land of Three Faiths*, by Philip Graves.

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before the Sabbath wailing with heart-rending cries and lowered faces against the great wall of the Haram-es-Sherif. They here call upon God to restore to their race—The Chosen People—the site of Solomon's Temple, now withheld from them by present Mohammedan worshippers. It is one of the most touching sights in all Palestine to those who can sympathize with the feelings of this great people, now filled with the hope of returning as a nation to the Land of their Fathers.

We enter the Haram-es-Sherif, a vast paved court with picturesque old buildings on two sides, marble columns enclosing the central terrace where the Dome of the Rock stands. It is beautiful, with roof and sides of old green-coloured tiles, the interior adorned with ninth century mosaics and scrolled inscriptions of verses from the Koran. Under the dome of the sanctuary a railing encircles the Rock, deeply fissured since the time when it was rent asunder, Moslems believe, as Mohammed ascended from it to Heaven. His followers regard this as the third most holy shrine of their religion.

The eastern side of the Haram is enclosed by a low parapet on the great wall rising from the Valley of Jehosaphat, with the Golden Gate which has been walled up by the Moslems for the past four hundred years. The view is striking on this side over the Brook of Kedron. The Garden of Gethsemane lies beyond, on the upper slopes of the Valley of Jehosaphat, where paths wind up to the Mount of Olives and lead to the spot on its eastern summit from which Christ

A City set on a Hill

ascended to Heaven. The place is now marked by a small mosque, transformed from a Christian Church built by Constantine over an open shrine in the fourth century, giving us a remarkable example of the veneration in which Christ is held as a Prophet by Mohammedans.

From the minaret of this mosque some of the finest views in all Palestine are seen, over the Dead Sea beyond successive ranges of hills to the green mountains of Gilead and Moab on the western borders of Transjordan. Looking back, Jerusalem lies on the hills to the west, with graceful minarets and many steeples amid the flat roofs of closely packed houses, the whole over-topped by the great dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre which now covers the most sacred of Christian shrines.

The zeal of Christian sects worshipping round the Tomb in this Church has been a frequent cause of strife. During Turkish rule, when I was here before, a guard of soldiers had to be on duty in order to separate belligerent fanatics. The chief source of contention arises from each sect desiring a part in the custody of the Tomb of Jesus. Latins, Orthodox, Armenians and Copts share the actual Shrine, but there are more than a score of other Christian sects that wish to participate in such things as the allotment of the forty-three lamps suspended over the Tomb. These differences are forgotten, however, by the traveller as he looks with wonder on the religious fervour of the worshippers and the gorgeous vestments of the officiating clergy at Easter and other festivals, when pilgrims flock in thousands to this venerated

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spot, in a church whose associations and curious architecture are the most interesting in the world.

A notable figure connected with the Holy Sepulchre was Saint Helena, mother of Constantine the Great. She travelled extensively and founded churches on her way. At Jerusalem she discovered the Tomb, and near it the Cross intact buried under the solid rock in which hollows are shown made by the tears of the Virgin. Nevertheless, opinion is divided as to the real scene of the Crucifixion, and some think it was outside the Damascus Gate on a knoll by the Garden Tomb, identified by General Gordon as Golgotha.

In the Via Dolorosa, close to the Damascus Gate, is the Latin Chapel of the Flagellation in the Convent of the Sisters of Zion, worthy of a visit to see the remains of the House of Caiaphas and of the Roman pavement which now lies some thirty feet below the level of the present road. While here my thoughts went back to the crowing of the cock in the scene of the denial of Our Lord by Peter. The words "before the cock shall crow" seem to have been used to denote a certain hour of the night. How often have I recalled it when travelling in the East, where even to-day clocks and watches are seldom used by poorer people outside the towns. At night the village cocks are the time pieces, crowing at certain hours with unvarying precision. Towards morning, as I awoke from habit at the same early time to rouse the camp in preparation for the long day's march, I used to hear their re-echoing note.

Under the Star

To leave Jerusalem without mentioning the late Governor, Sir Ronald Storrs, recently transferred to Cyprus, would be ungracious. Indeed Southern Palestine and the Holy City owe to this capable administrator many of the improvements we find. His duties, under the able guidance of Sir Herbert Samuel, had not been easy in reconciling the interests of people of different faiths, naturally jealous if preference were shown to any but their own. In speaking of him members of each religion generally expressed the opinion that he favoured another, from which we may conclude that he held the scales fairly between all.

UNDER THE STAR

Any who may feel regret at the modern decoration of the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre will be more distressed when the Chapel of the Nativity is seen at Bethlehem, some five miles from Jerusalem. The simple manger, now in Rome, has been replaced by a marble structure within an ornamented grotto, lighted by fifteen silver lamps allotted among various Christian sects. The ornate altar of the Adoration of the Magi marks the spot where the Wise Men knelt when they came to offer gifts to the infant Jesus. Nothing could less resemble what must have been the humble setting of that time than this grotto beneath the decorated Latin Church of St. Catherine, in marked contrast to the adjoining

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remains of a fourth century Basilica of Constantine, grand in simplicity. It is not, however, of this outward show one thinks when in the Grotto, but of the fact that this is the cradle of our faith, the birthplace of Christ.

Bethlehem is outwardly little changed from what it must have been in the time of Jesus, and it is still a small and simple place in spite of the thousands of pilgrims and tourists who visit it every year. The chief means of livelihood outside the usual trades seems to be the sale of trinkets in carved mother-of-pearl and silk embroideries. The women are delicate in feature and some are of great beauty, stately in carriage from long habit of balancing a large pitcher on the head with water from the fountains. When we see these women on holidays and at festivals in national garb they are as fascinating pictures from scenes in the time of the childhood of Christ.

Turning back to the Old Testament times, Hebron, known to the Arabs as El Khalil—the City of Abraham, the Friend of God—is of great interest and antiquity. It lies beyond Bethlehem, midway between Jerusalem and Beer-sheeba, and its story is associated with many things still shown round it, including the tomb of Abraham and the Vale of Tears. In later times the tomb of Abraham became a Mohammedan shrine within the Haram or Sacred Sanctuary where, on the site of an old church, possibly dating back to Justinian's time, the great mosque was built which only Moslems had been allowed to enter until Allenby's conquest of the Holy Land. It may now be seen by permit obtained

Under the Star

in Jerusalem from the Grand Mufti, at his Secretariat over one of the gates of the Haram-es-Sherif. At the door of the great mosque the visitor is met by a Sheikh who shows the Cave, to which none have descended during past centuries. Abraham and Sarah, with their sons and their wives, lie buried there.

As I left the Haram and walked through the gardens to my car outside the town to return to Jerusalem, the sun was already oppressively hot although it was only the month of March, and groups of Arabs sat talking under the trees or lay sleeping in lazy repose. Hebron has little to occupy the men by offering an incentive for more than the most necessary labour, but women's work, especially in the East, is never done. Once the winter tillage and sowing is completed the men wait in patient hope for the early summer harvest. These people and their methods have hardly changed since the time of Abraham, and a camel harnessed together with a small donkey to a primitive plough can still be seen furrowing the stony soil at snail's pace in this land where the hours are of little account. The new Jewish immigrants have settled for the most part round Jerusalem and Jaffa, or in northern Palestine where the soil is fertile and gives great opportunity for the energetic newcomers, and their modern agricultural methods have not yet penetrated so far south as Hebron. Nevertheless, this old city and its great mosque are wonderful, and should be seen by all who visit the Holy Land.

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TO THE SEA OF GALILEE

Before Sir Edward Stern left Palestine we went in his car on a journey to Samaria and Galilee, to which we shall always look back with pleasure. Mr. Levy, a member of the Zionist Organization in Jerusalem, accompanied us as we were to visit some of the new Jewish rural colonies. After leaving the Damascus Gate our road climbs to the Mount of Olives and then passes for a short distance over a stony plateau, its barrenness typical of all the higher parts of Palestine but relieved here by the surrounding view towards snow-clad Hermon, the Transjordan hills, and the Mediterranean away to the west. Nabi Samweil, and Tel en Nesbeh, the Mizpah of Benjamin, stand out as prominent landmarks, the latter topped by an old mosque with high minaret. It was from these hills that Allenby looked on Jerusalem and final steps were taken to surround the city. Not one stone was moved from another before its fall; in all the long history of Jerusalem this last capture was the only one effected without destruction and bloodshed.

Descending now to the valleys we pass all the way a succession of interesting Biblical sites. Near the village of Askar we see the Bir Yakoub, the Well of Jacob where Christ met the woman of Samaria. Here a modern orthodox church stands on the ruins of a fourth century chapel, and thus many old sites are being hidden. The tomb of Joseph is near Nablus, the capital of Samaria, once a fine city at the foot of Mounts Ebal and Gerazim but to-day a town of only

To the Sea of Galilee

fifteen thousand people. Some five or six miles farther on we read a notice that the track on our right leads up by the valley to the ruins of the old city of Samaria. Its history is one long story of battles from the time of Ahab, when it was one of the centres of the worship of Baal, to that of the Crusaders. In 331 B.C. Alexander the Great levelled it almost to the ground ; but the town was rebuilt, only soon to be laid in ruins again. We read of it under Herod, and from this reign the city dates of which the ruins are still evidence of renewed splendour. By the side of the squalid modern village many marble columns stand amid carved stones and foundations uncovered by the University of Harvard some fifteen years ago.

Soon after leaving Samaria we come to the Plain of Esdraelon over which Arab villages are scattered, and among them the new rural settlements of the Jews. I was told that close upon a hundred and fifty square miles of the most fertile areas have been purchased. We visited several of these colonies where all were hard at work, filled to overflowing with the enthusiasm engendered by a fresh idealist movement in new surroundings. It was just after the time of their midday meal when we arrived at the Jewish Women's Agricultural College and village near the railway junction of Afouleh, where Levy had proposed we should lunch. While we walked round the farm, noticing everything with interest, the kind lady-superintendent was preparing all the best things her larder contained. We were soon summoned to a repast of brown-looking bread with rancid

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butter, a few small pieces of salt herring and a cup of very bad coffee. That was a specimen of their fare from January to December ; yet all the women—only a few men were there who were building the future college—appeared to be in robust health and radiantly happy.

Two girls came up the road as we were leaving, one leading a donkey harnessed to a heavy plough, the end of which the other girl was half carrying over the rough stony road. We spoke to them and asked how they liked such hard work and whether Afouleh was as pleasant as the town they had left in Poland. They looked beaming as they replied that they loved their occupation, and Esdraelon was the best place on earth. They had set themselves a certain area to plough before their dinner—they had never ploughed in Poland—but it was more than they could possibly finish by noon, so they remained at their task and did not return for food until close upon two o'clock. It is this spirit, a great example to us in England, that explains the success of these newcomers to Palestine in town or country. It gives hope that their labours will be crowned with success and that the Arabs may also be stimulated by a new and admirable example into fresh efforts for mutual happy prosperity.

The National Home will not be a large one in so small and poor a country, and the Government is wisely limiting Jewish immigration to numbers suitable for urban occupations and the small area of arable land ; but those who are so fortunate as to find a place under this bright sky, and who are leaving oppression behind them in Russia and poverty

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in other countries, may help to bring back milk and honey to Palestine, if friction can be avoided with the members of other races.

Many hundreds of thousands of saplings have now been planted by our Government and by the Zionist settlers on the land. Many of these will survive and gradually transform the scenery, making it as beautiful as it was centuries ago. The eucalyptus grows fast ; it may now be seen in large numbers round the villages and in low-lying mosquito-infested areas.

Our road from Afouleh passes over the Esdraelon Plain, at this season covered with crops interspersed with wild flowers of many colours. Even the Pass of Megiddo, the scene of many bloody fights, looks now as if only flocks of lambs have ever wandered over Armageddon and no hordes of warriors had crossed it in invasions, as they did from the Pharaohs of Egypt to the great Napoleon. To our east lies Endor, but no witch troubles the land to-day and peace reigns.

As we ascend the hills of Galilee and approach Nazareth the sun shines brightly, filling the air with genial warmth on this afternoon in early spring and gladdening all surrounding nature. On such a day the town presents a dazzling appearance. It is built of white stone and seems all the brighter as it is surrounded by gray rocky hills interspersed with dark groves of fig and olive. Nazareth has always remained comparatively secluded owing to its natural position hidden away within the lower hills, and this may have been

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the reason why Mary and Joseph made it their home on their return from Egypt. The interest of Nazareth centres round the story of the Child Jesus, His wanderings over the neighbouring hills, and frequent visits to the Well of Mary as a boy as He must have accompanied His mother often when she went to draw water for their simple home.

We visited the Church of the Annunciation in the lower town. Steps descend to the Chapel of the Annunciation where a broken column marks the spot where Mary stood when the angel spoke to her, and the dwelling and kitchen of the Virgin are also shown. Chapels cover the workshop of Joseph and a large stone known as the Table of Christ ; another marks the site of the synagogue where He preached and from which He was driven by the Nazarenes.

The Nazarene women are as beautiful as their Bethlehem sisters and may be seen to-day waiting their turn round the Ain Miriam—Mary's Fountain—or carrying away the water. Some still use the old tapering stone jar, carried gracefully upon the head or shoulder, but in many cases an ugly square kerosene tin has unfortunately replaced it, marring the effect of the picturesque national dress of the women. As Stern and I passed on our way to the Sea of Galilee these women stood grouped round the Fountain to be photographed, fully conscious of their personal charms and laughing merrily as they asked for pictures to adorn their rooms.

From Nazareth the road winds down through vineyards, fig and olive groves and then rises to hills over which it passes to the Sea of Galilee. This metalled highway, by

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which Damascus may be reached by car in half a day, was only a stony track followed by Christ when He turned from Nazareth to start on His great mission of service around Capernaum. We see Kefr Kenna, built over Cana of Galilee, Mount Tabor, the Mount of Beatitudes and, near it, the place where the Five Thousand were fed. We pass to-day amid fields gay with flowers and presently a glorious view meets the eye, over the blue rippling waters of Galilee to Mount Hermon on the Syrian border. The small town of Tiberias, with its ancient walls, domed mosques and tapering minarets, lies beneath us on the shore. Many villages are dotted round in groves of palm and orange, and Capernaum can be seen far away where the Jordan carries its fresh waters from Hermon to this beautiful lake.

It was evening when we entered Tiberias and found the hotel that had been recommended, but at first sight of its interior the view upon which our eyes had been feasting vanished completely from our minds. We were shown rooms resembling prison cells, and straw mattresses that seemed to portend a visitation from the small insects for which Tiberias has an evil fame. But we felt committed to the pleasant-spoken landlord and did not go to the Hotel Tiberias where we had an excellent lunch next day and found it clean and comfortable. It is only fair to mention that at our own modest hotel we had an unmolested stay, and in our case Tiberias did not merit its traditional name among the Arabs of Sultan el Baraghit, or King of the Fleas.

Tiberias, so picturesque when seen from a distance, is

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now a mean-looking place when entered. It would have but little to attract the traveller beyond its history were it not for its pleasing situation on the Galilee Sea ; and, above all, its convenience as a centre from which to visit scenes of events connected with the life of Christ. A Jewish legend says that when the Messiah comes He will rise from the waters of this beautiful lake, gather together His people at Tiberias and proceed with them in triumph to Safed, under Mount Hermon, where His throne will endure for ever.

From Tiberias we followed the shore to the south, passing the hot springs of Hammath, known in all times for their curative power and now covered by a domed bath-house with uninviting looking interior. At the lower end of the lake the Jordan issues from beneath a long wooden bridge, a few miles below which a dam is being made across the river at Kerak to give water-power for the Rutenberg electrical concession ; but I could find no trace of modern irrigation works anywhere in Palestine, so necessary if this, for the most part, parched and arid land, is ever to become prosperous again.

The Jordan flows through a fertile valley and is lost to sight as it winds in groves of trees—palm, sycamore, fig, acacia, willow and wild olive, interspersed with flowering and evergreen shrubs, the spina Christi, the rose of Jericho, oleander, henna and many others. The henna is in certain respects the most interesting specimen of the flora of Palestine, said to be the white fragrant-flowered kopher or camphire, mentioned by Solomon in his Song of Songs : “ My

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beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of En-gedi". Orientals love this flower and its sweet scent, which they have at all times associated intimately with love and marriage, even to-day, and I refer to it in mentioning some of the marriage customs of Turkey where the Henna Night has always been an important part of the ceremony.

Returning to Tiberias, we followed the Damascus road by the lake to Capernaum, passing Mejdol, ancient Magdala, where Mary Magdalene was born. Near this small Arab village Sir Alfred Mond has selected a charming site among orange groves and eucalyptus bordering a stream that flows to the Sea of Galilee, and here, we were told, he proposes to build his Palestine home in the small fertile plain of Gennesaret. We would have gladly lingered for hours under the shade of the sweet-scented orange trees as it was as warm in March on the Galilee shores, close upon 650 feet below the level of the ocean, as in midsummer by our sea. But time was short as we intended to sleep at Haiffa after visiting Capernaum, which lay half-an-hour farther on. Here we found excavations being made by the Franciscans, who have brought many interesting remains to light. These were shown to us by the Reverend Father Antonio Gossi, who was in charge of the ruins.

It was towards evening when we had again retraced our way to Nazareth, a drive of less than three hours, and from there two hours brought us to Haiffa over a good road. This latter part of the journey is of interest chiefly owing to

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the view of Mount Carmel. A small chapel on an eminence stands out as a landmark, still known to the Arabs as El Mahrakah—the Place of Burning—the site of Elijah's altar on which the miraculous fire descended from Heaven. Its tree-clad slopes stand out in contrast to the bare surrounding country, and it has been said that no flower is seen along the coast or on the plains of Palestine that is not found on Carmel.

The Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers is of such interest that Haiffa is worth visiting if only to see this community in their Palestine home on Mount Carmel. Father Stuart Lamb, the Vicar, a charming, scholarly man, showed us the Monastery, with basilica built over the Grotto of the prophet Elias now forming a small chapel. A spacious library with many books is one of the most valued possessions of the devout Fathers, and here, as well as in the gardens which they cultivate, they pass their leisure moments. Their cells are spotlessly clean and from the flat roof there is one of the finest views in all the Holy Land.

It is proposed to build the principal port of Palestine at Haiffa as it is closer than Jaffa to the fertile parts of the Esdraelon Plain and the valley of the Jordan. A Jewish garden settlement is being built near the sea to which the name of Bat-Galim—Daughter of the Waves—has been happily given. Industries are already springing up, some of which we visited, including large flour mills, a cement factory of most recent model; and Rutenberg has established an up-to-date electrical station which is to light the

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port and adjacent towns and give power for the more important industries.

We visited the new Technical Institute, under the presidency of Sir Alfred Mond, which has been opened lately in a spacious building containing laboratories, lecture halls and library, as well as machine and carpentry workshops, all fitted with modern equipment. Many students are already attending it and instruction is given in every kind of electrical, mechanical and building work. We also went over a large school where 250 boys and girls are taught together and are given an excellent education. This system of co-education seems to be satisfactory in every way, the girls being quite as advanced as the boys in most subjects.

A train leaves Haiffa daily at eight in the morning and reaches Cairo at ten the same night. After passing under the last southern slopes of Carmel the line enters the Plain of Sharon which it crosses in about two hours to the junction of Lydda. Here I parted from Stern who was on his way to Cairo, and I went on alone to Jaffa, ancient Joppa, hardly more than an hour by train. I found it much as I had left it before the War, little changed in its narrow streets and old bazaars; but its situation and its ancient walled citadel make Jaffa remarkably picturesque and worthy of its name, meaning Beautiful. If Jaffa has advanced little in modern times, it has, nevertheless, attracted to it some of the most energetic and progressive Zionist settlers. The new town of Tel Aviv, or Hill of Spring, is growing up within a short walk of the seaport, in plantations just beyond its suburbs

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where many houses, a large assembly hall, schools, theatres and shops are already built on broad avenues and well-paved streets. Tel Aviv bids fair before long to outshine her elder sister, Jaffa, in commercial importance; and in cleanliness and comfort it is as pleasant as any small European town, and far more pleasing than many in its green surroundings of orange, lemon and other fruit trees, whose blossom is made all the more fragrant by the warmth of the rarely clouded sun.

From what has already been said it will be gathered that the motor car takes an important place in the modern life of Palestine. In the tourist season hundreds of cars travel daily between Jaffa and Jerusalem, and after a pleasant run of about an hour and a half—by train it is a tedious journey taking more than twice as long—I arrived back at the Holy City.

ACROSS THE DEAD SEA TO TRANSJORDAN

Towards the middle of March I started from Jerusalem in beautiful weather for Amman, on my way to Syria. It is a journey of about six hours, but as I desired to visit places of interest on the way I left the Austrian Hospice at seven; and I carried a carpet for the Emir Abdullah from Sir Ronald Storrs which made me anxious to reach the capital of Transjordan before dark. I travelled in a car owned by the

Across the Dead Sea to Transjordan

driver, an Arab who spoke Turkish and knew the country well so he made an entertaining companion.

Leaving the Damascus Gate, the road leads down to the Gethsemane Valley between the Mount of Olives and the ancient walls of the Temple Area ; then, rising gradually, it soon reaches Bethany. This small spot has always appeared to me one of the most impressive of Bible sites in Palestine in its great simplicity. It requires no religious fervour to picture the modest village and people the same in those old days as we see them still. Nothing looks new or tawdry. No modern building disturbs the eye or mind as thoughts wander back to the woman who here anointed the feet of Christ in the house of Simon the Leper, and to Mary and Martha whose home is shown, similar in every respect to the poor dwellings around.

We pass on, the road undulating in gray barren uplands towards the Dead Sea, at first with beautiful views of the mountains of Transjordan, green through the morning haze, in remarkable contrast to the lifeless aspect of the Palestine hills. This now good road covers the eastern track followed by pilgrims, caravans and warriors of many races. In recent times Allenby's men passed here as they drove the Turks before them in their last retreat to the Jordan and beyond.

We descend through a valley to the borders of an open waste and follow a sandy track to the edge of the Dead Sea, 1300 feet below the level of the ocean, reached in an hour and a half from Jerusalem. The only signs of life in this desert spot are a few boatmen's hovels, and their owners

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with whom I stayed to speak for a little while, pity in my heart for these poor people broiling in tropical heat in the early months of spring. But pity is wasted here, for to them the sun is life, and helps to make such food as bread and olives sufficient for their frugal wants.

Jericho lies half an hour from the Dead Sea. The modern village is not remarkable, but the gardens, orange groves and palm trees give it the effect of an oasis in the barren surroundings. The soil is made fertile by the waters of Elisha's Fountain that spring up at the base of the rocky hillside close by, near the site of Old Jericho. It is disappointing that very little remains above ground of the ancient City of Palms, but cut stones of great size, revealed by recent excavation, point to the importance of Jericho on the caravan route in bygone times. I lingered by Elisha's Fountain, more than eight hundred feet below the level of the sea, basking in the hot sun while sharing my frugal lunch with my driver Ahmed, impressed by the wonderful changing colours of the mountains bordering the Jordan and Dead Sea valleys which left this scene a cherished memory of the Holy Land.

We reach the Jordan and cross it by Allenby's fine bridge of stone and iron at the frontier of Transjordan. The river is delightful here with flowering shrubs and many wild flowers, the first I had seen near my way. An abundant supply of water gives the Jordan Valley rich vegetation, and irrigation would make it one of the most productive parts of Palestine as it was many years ago. While we

Across the Dead Sea to Transjordan

stopped at Shouneh to take water for the car I spoke to the friendly Arabs who surrounded me. They told me that the Emir Abdullah comes here in winter for quiet and warmth, to live in his Bedouin tent.

From Shouneh we wind up to Es Salt, our road passing through a valley in the Transjordan hills covered by low scrub, stunted acacia or olive, and myriads of wild flowers of every colour, such as rose, gladiolus, balsam, many kinds of orchid and other bulbous plants. I stopped at one place and in a few minutes I gathered a score of different varieties ; but the anemone, white and crimson, the flower of the wind that seems to love exposed rocky hills, predominates over all others.

Soon after leaving Shouneh we found a small leather satchel on the road and Ahmed picked it up. It contained tools, not gold, and whether this or natural honesty affected Ahmed's mind I cannot tell, but he threw the wallet away remarking : " It may belong to somebody who has been murdered and it might fasten blame on me ; the British police are more active than those of the Turks, better let it lie ". Near the roadside he pointed out a large gun which the Turks had set rolling from the top of a hill where their last stand was made before they fled as Allenby crossed the Jordan.

Minarets and well watered gardens with fruit trees make Es Salt pleasant in the setting of stony hills. It is the principal town, midway from the Jordan to Amman, on the old caravan route that led into southern

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Syria when only camels and other pack animals carried the rich wares of the East to the Phœnician Sea. We only stop for petrol and climb to the northern hill-tops of Transjordan, some four thousand feet above the sea. Few villages are met ; but there are tent-dwellers with curious encampments, their flocks grazing on flower-decked pastures over the hills bearing the appearance of rounded downs. Through the warm haze mountains gradually emerge that form the southern continuation of the ranges of the Hauran and Jebel Druse. We pass through a large Circassian village whose people no longer resemble their Northern brothers in complexion or figure ; dressed like Arabs and almost black from the southern sun they conform but little to the true Circassian type. The capital of Transjordan is now seen in a valley where poplar trees line the stream flowing through it ; the excellent road descends rapidly and we reach Amman.

Amman, the ancient Rabbah Ammon, has been an important centre for thousands of years on the caravan route from the East to Arabia, southern Syria and Egypt. It was a Greek settlement under Alexander the Great, and became one of the Cities of the Decapolis in the third century before the Christian era. There are considerable remains, a theatre with several of its fifty columns standing, a Roman temple, and parts of the great walls of the citadel on the adjacent hill. With such ruins Amman is of great interest, and prosperity is returning under our supervision. It may flourish again, but the capital of Transjordan is now but a

Across the Dead Sea to Transjordan

small town. One street of shops, some small one-storeyed houses, a mosque or two, these are the only features. Until we sent a representative to Transjordan the main street of this village was not even paved. Under Colonel Cox roads, like many other things, are improving, and if he remains sufficiently long at Amman many changes for the better should certainly follow.

Colonel and Mrs. Cox, always kind to stray travellers, had asked me to stay, and at the end of ten hours on the road it was delightful to be in a pleasant English home instead of a local *khan*, as there is no hotel of any kind in all Transjordan. When the time came to leave I did so regretfully and with the impression that Transjordan could better spare an Emir—however useful he may be to us—than the British Representative.

There is another Englishman in Transjordan, known to many travellers, whose departure would be deeply felt—Peake Pasha, commanding the Arab levies and armoured cars which, together with police and aeroplanes, form the principal military forces of that country.

The present Emir, Abdullah, is a typical Arabian, a nomad by nature, brought by us from Mecca when his father Hussein was Sherif of that holiest of Mohammedan shrines. He has been a desert lover from birth. It is only lately that he has built a house on the outskirts of his capital, but he often wanders from it and returns to his tent.

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THE MOUNTAINS OF THE DRUSE

Readers of Lawrence's popular book will be familiar with some parts of the country through which the Hejaz Railway passes, between Amman and Damascus, the scene of Arab exploits in Allenby's Palestine and Syrian campaign. What I have to tell of this part of Transjordan and Syria, as well as of the Jebel Druse, connected with my recent journey from Egypt to the Bosphorus, is not exciting, but it may assist in showing what local conditions were before the Druse and Arab risings against the mandatory administration of France.

After leaving the valley of Amman, great plains extend as far as Damascus between the Jebel Druse and the low hills towards the Jordan and Galilee Sea. The remains of ancient cities lie half buried on these plains. Excavations carried out at Gerasa,¹ near Jerash, give us an example of the importance and architectural wealth of these places in times when the land was made fertile by irrigation and could supply the needs of a large population. My mind was taken back to those times by the ruins of old aqueducts that I saw from the train as we passed through northern Transjordan, where nothing grows to-day but scrub and grass, barely sufficient to feed the camels and sheep of the nomad Arabs who wander here at certain seasons. There is scarcely any settled population as the Bedouins refuse to permit tillage where they have long assumed grazing rights; and until Transjordan can afford the necessary forces to preserve

¹ Described in *The Times* 23 December, 1925.

The Mountains of the Druse

order among people with such different interests any considerable change in this system is not to be expected. Security and an abundant supply of water should make this district a valuable cotton-growing area as cotton flourishes now just to the north, in the Hauran, under similar conditions of soil and climate. One of the greatest difficulties, however, is the mode of life of the people. Speaking of a country farther south, Dr. D. G. Hogarth has said that to endeavour to settle the Bedouin on the land is to run counter to tradition of countless ages and to deprive him of what has always been his chief interest in life.

At Nasib, the station before Deraa, we cross the Trans-jordan-Syrian frontier, close to which tillage commences and green crops show the natural fertility of the soil. I was met at Deraa by the Commandant and other officers of the garrison. After lunch they showed me round the Cantonment. It was but a few weeks before the sudden rebellion of the Druses, and there was only a small garrison of cavalry and African troops. I found that much had been done to improve Deraa. Trees had been planted, roads traced and a branch railway south-east to Bosrah, in the country of the Druses, was almost completed. Near the station I noticed water pipes, with taps fed from an artesian well, where native women were drawing water; this is one of the greatest benefits that the French were then conferring on the country, and wells were being sunk to supply villages as well as for irrigation as the rainfall is uncertain.

Deraa, the most southern Syrian military post on our

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Transjordan frontier, is noteworthy as the junction of the line through Palestine which links up rail communication between Egypt and the Hejaz Railway and makes it possible to travel by train from the Nile to the Bosphorus, one of the great changes brought about by our Palestine campaign. I was fortunate in meeting Van Millingen at Deraa, the manager of the Asiatic Petroleum Company in Egypt and Syria, who was on a visit of inspection to his French military clients. He kindly allowed me to accompany him on a journey I wished to make through the country of the Druses, where Sultan Pasha el Atrash still has his stronghold among rocks and craggy heights.

Our first objective was Bosrah, by a track across the plain to the south of the Jebel Hauran, a conical peak, some twenty miles to the east of Deraa, forming a great landmark in the undulating hills with high mountains rising gradually behind them. This was our only reliable guide throughout the journey. Occasionally we took a wild-looking Arab or African soldier from one village to another to show us the way, a duty in which they often failed as their bump of locality seemed as unreliable as the antiquated rifles they carried. We had a map on which the leading topographical features were marked, giving few details, but it helped us a little and good luck did the rest.

As far as Bosrah all was easy as we followed by the track of the railway then under construction, and the old city, once an important Roman settlement, is visible a long way off. On our arrival the military Commandant with his whole

The Mountains of the Druse

garrison—two African soldiers—appeared and took us over the Citadel and other ruins. Massive cut stone predominates. Each block is laid over the other without cement, yet the buildings have stood two thousand years. On one side of the Citadel are the remains of the ancient theatre with many seats still in place, and marble columns of which a few are standing amid heaps of great marble blocks near the walls of the enclosure. A desolate country surrounds these ruins where there is little green to relieve the sombre masses of dark stone.

From Bosrah we passed towards the south through the country of Sultan Pasha el Atrash, who is still up in arms against the French. The Druses are a physically strong people and splendid riders, but the men have an effeminate appearance from the habit of blackening their eyes. The women also follow this practice, in their case with less displeasing effect, and it is probably adopted as a safeguard in childhood from flies and the effects of the burning sun. Everywhere we stopped we were given a pleasant welcome and invited to partake of hospitality. On the road we were saluted in French military fashion and not salaam-wise, all seeming anxious to give this new form of greeting.

We travelled a great distance through this country, visiting many Druse settlements as well as old ruins. We eventually reached the small town of Soueida where the French military Governor resided. Captain Carbillet, who was then Governor of the Jebel Druse, had sent an officer to meet us on the road with an invitation to stay with him,

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as it was already getting dark and he thought we might lose our way if we tried to reach Damascus that night ; but we decided to press on and, passing through Jezra, with many difficulties we finally arrived at Damascus towards midnight after a wonderfully interesting drive of some three hundred kilometres in Jebel Druse. We had been through river beds and over tracks cleared from lava in country littered with stones where no car had ever been before. No regular roads for wheeled traffic exist as pack-animal transport is used between villages in the interior of this country, or sometimes rough wagons drawn by bullocks. We had been far beyond Bosrah, and among many distant places to Salkhad. It is the Druse southern capital, reported to have been captured by the French after a wonderful resistance by Sultan Pasha el Atrash in his endeavour to retain liberty for his race.

Looking back now, in the light of events that followed, this long journey without escort in the Druse mountains appears as a dangerous adventure ; but at the time fear was not a thought that entered our minds. Indeed, I believe that the Druses are a kindly and hospitable people, as well as a fine and manly race, whose last wish is to kill anybody if left in peace. At the time I passed through their country all was quiet, and the Emir was obedient to French Mandate rule. But the Druses, a shy people who have needed a tactful guiding hand if they were to be kept from open revolt, brook little interference. The Turks, their previous rulers, were aware of this and left them much to themselves in recent years, as they did the Kurds and other turbulent tribes who

The Mountains of the Druse

were nominally under their authority. During my journey, here and in Syria, I formed the impression that the French were following this example, and were administering these countries with discrimination while gradually bringing the Druses and Arabs into more civilized ways. In conversation with General Sarraill at Beyrout we spoke on the perfect order I had seen ; but it required only a spark to kindle the flames of war.

The Druses are opposed to intrusion, if for no other reason because of the secret nature of their religion. I understand that no Druse is initiated into its mysteries until he has reached middle age, and then possibly not everyone is taught them all. Some say that their faith is based on both Christianity and Mohammedanism, and under the Turks they professed to worship the Prophet, but possibly only to avoid friction. They do not think that any stranger has seen their Sacred Book, which records all they are supposed to believe, guarded more carefully than almost any other object in the world, and of which only a few copies are supposed to exist ; but one or two of these are said to have found their way to Europe many years ago. Transmigration is thought to hold an important place in their religion. The Druses themselves never speak of their faith, but an Arab who was travelling in my train to Deraa told me they believe that when one of their people dies the soul passes into whatever is born at that time in their land, be it a child or the young of any animal ; and if no child or animal is born that day or night, the soul passes away to China where the

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Jebel Druses think that there are also many of their race. Curious beliefs have come to the West from China, but it interested me to hear that the Druses in these wild mountains of Western Asia associate that land of the distant East with their secret religion. I knew but little then of the records of previous travellers on this subject, and it was only on my return to England that I read almost exactly what this Arab neighbour of the Druses had related. The Druses have no mosques or churches and perform their religious ceremonies in some chamber set apart for these and other meetings of their people.

We have not yet heard the cause of the long revolt, attributed by some to a feud between two sections in which the French became involved. Captain Carbillet was removed from his duties as Governor and General Sarraill was recalled to France. But the trouble lies far deeper than in the action of a few individuals. It is chiefly attributable to the wild nature of these Eastern people, who have never been brought under the ideas of the West. Here, again, I would apply Dr. Hogarth's words, so true regarding the Bedouin, and say that to endeavour to change the ways of the Druse is to run counter to the tradition of countless ages. Any who wish to do so must be prepared for long years of strife.

PART THREE

Syria To-day



MAP III. THE OVERLAND ROUTE.

UNDER THE MANDATE

WE used to speak of the unchanging East. That was before Western incursions, in the days when Eastern peoples, then more passive, were left in their seclusion. The rebellion against French administration in Syria has been attributed to the fault of a late High Commissioner, whose rule was said to have created friction. It would be unjust, however, to lay all the blame on General Sarrail who had to deal with a remarkably complex problem.

Syria is not a united country in race, religion or custom. It is composed of antagonistic nationalities, each desiring to be autonomous. Under the brutal rule of the Old Turk revolt was well-nigh impossible, and the sheep were obliged to lie down with the wolves and to make the best of it. It is certain that not one of the numerous races was happy at the time of the outbreak among the Druses. This uprising was the signal for a general revolt among the Mohammedan population in Eastern Syria for which General Sarrail's action was made a pretext, but several High Commissioners have succeeded him and yet discontent continues. The fact that it extended throughout non-Christian Syria, from the Jebel Druse to Aleppo on the northern confines, is proof that its cause did not lie in any particular case of maladministration. Before General Sarrail became High Commissioner the

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administration had been entrusted already to young French officers new to the proud nature of the Eastern Arab. Under these officers there were small military posts composed of African levies, and order had to be maintained over sixty thousand square miles by an army of twenty thousand men. We cannot be surprised if tactful government sometimes gave place to rougher military rule.

The currency, based on the fluctuating French franc, has also been blamed for what has already cost thousands of lives, great destruction of property and disruption of trade in many parts of Syria. I cannot accept this as a serious reason as trade statistics show that until the Arab and Druse rebellions the balance between exports and imports was improving, the former having increased threefold from 1921 to 1923 while imports had slightly decreased. The cost of living for the poorer classes in Syria is not so high as in Palestine.

The new Government had to reckon with the traditional unpopularity of France throughout the Arab and Druse dominions since the time when, in 1860, a French expedition was sent to Damascus after a massacre of Christians. These races feel that France now occupies Syria as conqueror, although nominally responsible for its government to the League of Nations. It has long been her dream, they think, to possess their land.

Another of the many reasons for the present discontent was that, in November, 1918, a proclamation was issued to the people of Syria and Mesopotamia and other peoples

Under the Mandate

whom the Allies hoped to free from the Turks. It was worded as follows :

The end that France and Great Britain have in pursuing in the East the war unloosed by German ambition is the complete and definite freeing of the peoples so long oppressed by the Turks, and the establishment of national Governments and Administrations deriving their authority from the initiative and free choice of the indigenous populations.

In order to give effect to these intentions, France and Great Britain have agreed to encourage and assist the establishment of indigenous Governments and Administrations in Syria and Mesopotamia, now freed by the Allies, and in the territories whose liberation they seek, and to recognize them as soon as they are effectively established.

The root of the whole matter lies here. The Druses and Syrian Arabs are fighting for the promised establishment of an indigenous Government and Administration.

The position of the French in Syria is very different from our own in Palestine and Transjordan where we went as friends and liberators. One should be slow, I think, in blaming our French neighbour too severely while congratulating ourselves on the success of our own tactful administration, which has so ably accomplished its mission in guiding mandate races peacefully through present anxious times.

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A PEARL IN EMERALD SETTING

To understand something of the greatness of the Arab State, in the first flush of the triumph of Islam, one might read with advantage the opening pages of Lane-Poole's book, "The Moors in Spain," when, from their chief city, Damascus, the Arabs ruled over vast lands from the Oxus River in Central Asia to the shores of the Atlantic Ocean.

Damascus has been called a pearl in emerald setting. These words convey an idea of what meets the eye when one looks down from the heights above Salahiyeh upon groves of cypress and olive, and fruit trees in every shade of blossom extending for miles round sunlit palaces, mosques and many other buildings that form the once great capital of the Arab dominions. Flowing from the hills we see streams that wind through the gardens and cause them to flourish at all seasons of the year, while the dwellings of milk-white stone are in dazzling contrast to the verdure in which they stand. It is indeed a wonderful scene that will not easily fade from the memory.

Damascus in itself is no mean city, and in many respects it is one of the most fascinating places in the Eastern world. Mosques and palaces apart, there are wonderful bazaars filled with precious wares from every corner of Asia. At all hours of the day and far into the night many races are met, clad in garments of every hue. The Silk Bazaar alone would well repay a long journey while, to descend to what sounds trivial, the Old Clothes Bazaar is of singular interest.

A Pearl in Emerald Setting

Open stalls line its tortuous ways and grey-bearded Arab vendors, each a picture in himself, sit cross-legged throughout the day selling curious garments, embroideries and ornamental headgear, strange and fascinating to the Western eye, brought by the peoples who flock to these markets from many lands. Passing on to the Greek Bazaar, we see antiquities of all kinds, such as rare swords and scimitars, with blades of famous old Damascus steel tempered by a process the secret of which is now lost ; and precious stones in quaint Oriental setting.

No less interesting are the bazaars of the silversmiths, coppersmiths and other craftsmen where are to be found filagree ornaments of delicate workmanship, amber and turquoise amulets serving to adorn the hair of the child as well as the neck of the Arab steed to ward off evil spirits and the effects of the evil eye, not to mention innumerable other articles of great attraction to the stranger. Some of the *khans* should also be visited. They are the wholesale stores of the richer merchants, many of them, such as the Khan Essad Pasha, with vaulted chambers and arabesqued domes of considerable architectural beauty.

No one would neglect to visit " The Street which is called Straight ", where Saul of Tarsus lodged in the house of Judas. It was then almost straight and adorned with columns, but to-day it has lost any claim to that name from the irregular outline of shops and other buildings.

The Great Mosque—El Umawi—vies in splendour with the Harem el Aksar at Jerusalem and is almost as sacred

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to the Moslem as the mosques of Mecca and Medina, but, encumbered as it is by small dwellings, its aspect cannot compare with that of the sister mosque at Jerusalem. A Greek or Roman temple stood on this spot and when Constantine was converted to Christianity a church in the form of a basilica was erected here, and is now the centre of the Great Mosque, one of the many examples of Christian churches transformed into Mohammedan places of worship. One of its tombs is said to contain the head of John the Baptist, deemed a saint by Mohammedans, and this shrine is enveloped in a sacred covering sent by each successive Ottoman Sultan at his coronation.

When I entered the outer court I was approached by a turbaned Sheikh who offered to be my guide. Pointing out the graceful minarets, he drew attention to one with the crescent on its tapering summit. It is called the Medinet Isa—the Minaret of Jesus—upon which, Moslems say, Christ will descend on the Day of Judgement. It was indeed strange to hear from a Mohammedan Sheikh that the Founder of the Christian faith was to make a mosque the scene of the Second Advent.

Not far from this mosque is the tomb of Saladin, the great Saracen Ghazi or Conqueror of seven centuries ago. The mausoleum stands in a pleasant garden. It contains the sarcophagus of the mighty ruler, which was encased in painted woodwork, harmonizing with the old surroundings, until the German ex-Kaiser visited the shrine during his triumphal tour in the Near East towards the close of the last century.

A Pearl in Emerald Setting

Desiring to leave his mark here, as he was doing in many other places, he caused the appropriate Eastern covering to be replaced by tawdry marbles in the German national colours. On an antique chandelier suspended over the sarcophagus are panels upon which the letters S.S.—Sultan Salādin's initials—were inscribed. The Kaiser had the lettering on the alternate panels obliterated and the monogram W.W. substituted.

The city is surrounded by old walls built on great blocks of stone, so heavy that they hold together without mortar of any kind. Near the Babkisan gateway, which has been closed for some centuries, we see the ruins of St. Paul's Tower from which the apostle was lowered in a basket.

I visited the houses of some of the wealthy Arabs, and was surprised at the contrast between the prison-like gloom outside and the luxury of the interiors. There are usually inner courts and gardens, with shrubs and flowering trees that give shade to the women who sit here by cool fountains during the hot hours of the day. Of these the Palace of Azm, with mosaic-paved courts, was a beautiful example until the military operations by the French when it was damaged beyond recognition during bombardments. It had been transformed into a museum not long before and, apart from its own charm, it contained many archæological treasures. Now it lies a heap of stones surrounded by other ruins, sad reminders of the difficulties which beset those charged with administration in mandatory lands.

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BY THE HILLS OF LEBANON

Most of the present highways of Syria follow the old trade routes, but the road from Damascus to Beyrout is comparatively modern as Berytus was not of great importance in ancient times when Byblos—now Jubeil—and Tyre and Sidon were the principal ports on this part of the Phœnician coast. The existing roads have been greatly improved and are now as good as our own in Palestine. The desert route to Bagdad and Persia was remarkably developed recently, but since the disturbed conditions in Syria the automobile services had been deflected across a southern track from Palestine through Transjordan. The Nairn Transport and Eastern Transport are the principal companies running convoys regularly, and the journey from England to Mesopotamia is made across the desert with a considerable saving of time and money compared with the all-sea route by the Persian Gulf.

The sun was shining brightly on the morning in early spring when I left my Damascus hotel on the banks of the Barada river for Beyrout, distant about sixty miles. The journey takes about six hours by train but only three by car, and single seats can be procured for a few shillings with an ample allowance of baggage.

The road leads down the valley of the Barada in the Anti-Lebanon range by the side of the clear and rapid stream bordered by willows and poplars, near country houses in fruit gardens where the wealthier Damascenes pass the

By the Hills of Lebanon

summer. Through the hills covered with olive trees and flowering shrubs we get glimpses of the mountains of Lebanon across the broad and fertile Bikaa valley. Green is the prevailing colour of Syrian hills and valleys, contrasting in freshness with the gray and arid nature of Palestine, where only the ever-changing lights relieve the monotony. We pass Rayak, the junction of the railway to Aleppo, and climb to the high pass in the Lebanon where we get a wonderful impression of southern Syria, from the snowy summit of Hermon, towards the borders of Palestine, and the peaks of Anti-Lebanon to the blue Mediterranean Sea. Our road now descends the western slopes where many villages lie in pine and cedar groves overlooking the sea, and, crossing the olive and orange covered plains beneath them, we enter Beyrout.

Beyrout is a thriving Levantine port from which ancient glory has departed. To-day it has little to arouse the interest of the lover of antiquity, but it is an excellent starting place from which to visit Syria as the steamers of several lines call here on their way north and south, and it is the centre of the Mandatory Government of France. This administration, like our own in Palestine, is paying much attention to the welfare of the peoples, in spite of all existing difficulties.

Education is being encouraged by subsidies to the native schools of various sects as well as to French colleges. The American University at Beyrout is an important educational institution in the Near East, open to all nationalities and religions. Of a thousand resident students last year close

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upon 500 were Christians of different sects ; there were 350 Moslems, most of the other students being Jews, Druses, Bahais and Karaim. The better understanding thus brought about between Christian and non-Christian elements is of value in an Eastern country where no sect appears to be free from fanaticism. I attended service several times at the University chapel where I saw a fair proportion of Mohammedans, distinguished by the fez from the bare-headed Christian worshippers. Needless to say their attendance is in no way obligatory ; yet many come and join heartily in the responses and hymns. I was told by Dr. Chambers that when the Moslem students return to their towns and villages during vacations they discuss the relative merits of different religions with which they have come in contact in an outspoken way that would have been impossible but for the broadening influence of this great University.

We are fortunate in having Mr. Satow as our representative in Syria, whose knowledge of the Near East makes him invaluable. He and Mrs. Satow are most genial hosts, and their constant hospitality makes their house a charming centre in Beyrout. One of the pleasantest recollections of my last journey was an excursion I made with Mrs. Satow to some of the beautiful spots in the Lebanon. We lunched under spreading cedar trees that have made the Lebanon famous from time immemorial, and I remember on this March day the sun was so warm that we were glad of their shade although several thousand feet above the sea.

By the Hills of Lebanon

The traveller should not miss Jubeil, a few miles to the north of Beyrout. Near this village lie the partly excavated ruins of Byblos, once an important port on the Phœnician coast. The Egyptians occupied it, and came for the cedars of Lebanon to adorn their ships and beautiful buildings. The Gibilites are mentioned as hewers of stone and ship builders in the Old Testament, when Jubeil was called Gebal. In later times the Greeks and Romans were here, and the Crusaders left their mark on this coast before its surrender to Saladin.

The ruins already laid bare show Corinthian columns of Egyptian granite, and sarcophagi, not yet clearly identified, lie at the bottom of excavated shafts. On one side is a forum, on the other a temple with colossal stone figures rudely carved evidently dating back to many centuries before Christ. I wandered through the eleventh century Crusaders' castle, with its massive walls well preserved. The small museum contains objects of archæological interest, but it will only be when the work of excavation has been completed that the significance of Byblos will be fully realized. Mr. Heidenstein, a Swede who has considerable knowledge of Syrian archæology, lives on the way from Beyrout to Jubeil where his private museum may be visited, and he told me that he has reason to believe that the ruins of Byblos will eventually prove to be of greater interest than those of Petra.

The cave of Adonis is to be seen, not far from Byblos, in a shady glen where springs of clear water flow down through rocky gorges to the sea. At certain seasons, however, this

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stream, known in classical times as the River of Adonis, runs blood-red, tradition says in memory of the death of Adonis who was killed by a wild boar in the mountains near by and was mourned by the Syrian Venus. This peculiarity is still observed after heavy rains, when the red soil of the river banks is swept seaward, doubtless giving rise to the legend. The story appears to have been introduced into Greece from Syria, invested with the peculiar charm of Grecian mythology and the mourning of Aphrodite changed into rejoicing for the return to life of Adonis.

On our way back to Beyrout we visited Ghazir, where a carpet-weaving industry under Dr. Kunzler, a Swiss, employs four hundred orphan boys and girls, some of whom are blind. At Antilyas, nearer to Beyrout, there are over nine hundred orphans who are learning various trades. Miss Grierson and Miss Davies of the Society of the Friends of Armenia have a school for two hundred orphans in a charming spot overlooking the sea, and there are many other charitable institutions for children. In a suburb near Beyrout I visited the large camp where the French are doing their best to provide for great numbers of Armenian refugees.

BAALBEK

The railway from Beyrout to Baalbek links up with the line from Damascus to Aleppo at the junction of Rayak. It crosses the Lebanon range at a height of some 3,000 feet,

Baalbek

and as the train takes the ascent at a very slow pace a more comfortable and expeditious way is to travel by motor ; the road is excellent and the journey takes only three hours. I started in a car one afternoon in early April, with regret at leaving my kind hosts, Dr. and Mrs. Chambers, who were old friends from the years my family and I had passed at Mersina, the Satows and others I had met again at Beyrout. There had been heavy rain near the coast, and as the mountains were covered with snow the question was whether the car would be able to cross that day. When we had climbed to above 1,500 feet great drifts blocked the road in places, but with skilful driving we succeeded in reaching the top of the pass.

Hassan, my cheery chauffeur, made light of every difficulty. We conversed in Turkish as we went. I asked him how he liked the change from the rule of Turkish Moslem brethren to that of the infidel. He said that he preferred the *Giaours* because they were improving the roads and had introduced the motor car, now a great source of income to him and to many other Mohammedans. The French were also considerate, he said, and harmed no one so long as quiet was maintained. I also asked him how he had fared in the War, adding that doubtless he had had plenty to eat. " Oh certainly ", he replied, " plenty of camel from those that died ; there was little else in the way of meat, and this with some bread made of more grit than flour was our usual daily ration."

His most pleasant memory of those times was when our

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troops took Eastern Syria and all the country from Damascus as far as Aleppo. Hassan was then employed by us as a chauffeur with high wages from which he saved enough to buy his own car. His sentiments represented the general feeling, as far as I could gather ; I heard many expressions of regret at our having left the country when we made Feisal King at Damascus.

From Ryak we cross the broad Bikaa Valley to Baalbek, close upon 3,500 feet above the sea at the foot of the Anti-Lebanon hills. Long before we reach the small modern town near the ruins, marble columns are seen rising white in the brilliant sunshine above the great walls of the Acropolis and other remains half hidden in fruit trees and gardens. This distant view is impressive, but it is only when wandering in the vast courts and temples, under the shadow of towering columns, or in narrow passages cleared between scores of fallen ones, that the magnificence of ancient Baalbek comes as a vision to the mind.

So many legends are woven round Baalbek, as round most other very old sites in the East, that it is not easy to discern where fancy ends and truth commences. In other places I had so often been told stories I knew to be true, handed down by tradition through the ages, that I questioned some of the people I met near the ruins ; but they could tell me nothing to add to tales I had read, such as those of Cain as its traditional founder, and of Nimrod, said to have built on this spot a great tower reaching to the skies. It is not surprising that no traces are now seen of those very old times,

Baalbek

or of the temple to Baal which Solomon may have raised here ; but it is certain that Baalbek, on the road which led from the East to Tyre, was a great centre for this and other forms of worship.

If I have mentioned times that have left no visible trace, it is because Baal was afterwards associated during the Greek occupation with Helios, the Sun god, and Baalbek was then called Heliopolis ; and when the Romans ruled here in the first century they added to the lingering worship of Baal that of Jupiter, Venus and Mercury, and the ruins we see to-day are of Greek and Roman architecture. The Temple of the Sun and Jupiter commands the surrounding country, on a raised platform facing the entrance to the Acropolis and the great courts. Of this temple little remains except the outer columns, but they give a wonderful idea of its size and grandeur.

Not far away we see the Temple of Bacchus, facing the morning sun, with façade and doorway decorated with garlands of wheat, flowers and grapes as offerings to Bacchus. Nearly a score of the forty-six monolithic columns remain erect and uphold the huge yet finely carved marble blocks forming the entablature and supports of the roof. What I found most striking in this temple, probably the most beautiful in Syria and well preserved, was its delicacy of sculpture combined with bold architectural outline.

It was twenty years since I had been here, but I remembered that near this temple a small path leads to the outer foundations of the Acropolis, and there lie the three

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stones, each more than sixty feet long and thirteen in width, and weighing fifteen hundred tons, which gave the name Trilithon to Baalbek. The blending of Greek and Roman art, coupled with the oriental taste for what is immense and massive, has left to us glorious remains of times when the Temple of the Sun was one of the wonders of the world. In brilliant sunshine these ruins are magnificent, but the traveller so fortunate as I was to be within them on nights of brilliant moonlight will gaze on a scene of unforgettable beauty.

THE DESERT CITY OF ZENOBIA

Before the Arab rising the train used to leave Baalbek early every morning for Aleppo and arrived there the same afternoon, passing Homs and Hama on the way. After motoring in a light car for many days over roads generally good, it seemed strange to be again in a train crawling along at no more than fifteen miles an hour, round the lower contours of the Anti-Lebanon not far from the Orontes river. Homs, now an Arab town where the desert opens out towards Bagdad, is mentioned by Pliny as the birth place of a high priest of Baal who became a Roman Emperor, but now it has little left of greatness. Nomad tent-dwellers camp round the citadel as they did thousands of years ago, and lofty minarets are all that embellish this town where beautiful

The Desert City of Zenobia

Persian silks and tapestries are found in the old bazaars. I visited the mosque of Sidi Khaled to see its rare old carpets. It was Thursday in Ramazan, and in the curious cemetery near by I found many Moslem women praying at the tombs round which they had placed flowers.

I had travelled in the train from Baalbek with a young French officer, Lieutenant Aveaux, who had been staying at my hotel. I mentioned that my journey from Damascus to Palmyra had fallen through on account of recent snow which had made the road across the hills to the Syrian desert impassable.¹ We knew caravans went from Homs and that there were a few motors which travelled to Palmyra in fine weather, so we decided to inquire at the station. We found an old Ford and just as the train was leaving our bargain was concluded to go to Palmyra and back instead of continuing that day to Aleppo. The Ford was less of a car than anything ever seen in England, a mere skeleton with nearly every part tied up with string. When it was too late we wondered how far it would take us along a desert track, but both of us being animated by the same desire to see this wonderful desert city we started for Palmyra.

At first our track followed the old Roman road, with parts of the original pavement showing and odd milestones still pointing the way. It passes a few villages and winds round the last spurs of the Anti-Lebanon through cultivated fields almost as far as Ferklas. Here the road ends and the desert commences ; the houses of Ferklas are the last we meet until we reach our destination.

Syria To-day

A deep-rooted weed covers parts of the sandy waste over which we pass. In early summer it is yellow-green but later it almost completely withers and it seemed to us as if nothing grew in this dry region that could afford subsistence to any living creature ; but this is not the case as from prehistoric times man has lived here, and we soon see the tents of group campments scattered over the desert. These are the dwellings of nomad flock-tenders, who wander all the year from place to place in search of food for their own sheep and camels or for those they are grazing for more wealthy owners. The animals, like the people who tend them, are inured to privations that accustom them to resort to every device in finding their food. When all vegetation is parched and withered the sheep nibble round the weedy tufts to clear away the sand, and reach the long roots upon which they live until the approach of winter when the anxiously-awaited rains give slightly fresher pasture, and awaken to fresh life myriads of small flowers in the lower stretches where the water lodges for a short while, for even the desert has its flowers at certain seasons of the year.

A sordid life it appears to us as we pass the brown or black tents made from woollen stuff woven by the women and affording scant protection against the elements, not to mention dust-storms which prevail here during the hotter season. These nomads wander over the desert freely, yet flocks can only graze within allotted limits as certain stretches belong to different tribes by unwritten law. Water, upon which their lives and those of their animals depend, is one of

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their greatest preoccupations. This is what chiefly limits pasture areas—the supply would run rapidly dry if too many flocks were watered at one place. Again, if the various tribes were not assigned certain grazing limits all would seek the best, and the bloodshed that would follow can be imagined.

In exchange for his grazing services the Bedouin receives no money but is given the lambs that are born so long as he returns the sheep to their owners in good condition at certain fixed times. A similar agreement as to the offspring is made with camel-graziers; but as ewes have young every year and camels only every two years, and as the young camel is not really valuable until several years old whereas the lamb can be sold after as many months, the camel-grazier has to wait long for his remuneration—he is the poorest of all poor Bedouins in this land. The sheep-grazing nomad is comparatively well off; he can afford meat occasionally, such as at *Bairam* or a marriage feast, or if an honoured guest stays with him and the fatted sheep is slain in his honour. The ration of bread is larger and odd luxuries can be indulged in such as better clothes.

We stopped at some of the tents to greet the owners and to see their mode of life. They all have great dogs that guard them as savagely as any Cerberus; it would be unwise to approach unless accompanied by someone they know. The Bedouin tent is spacious as it has to contain all the owners possess, including everything required for making and storing butter and cheese, pots and pans, food and

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clothing, rolls of bedding kept tidy by day and spread at night on the ground, and a wooden table on low central support instead of legs. Around this table they squat at their ease for meals.

These roaming people were most friendly to us wherever we passed or stayed, desiring to give us all they had—not much, yet enough to testify to their hospitable nature. The women were making butter from sheep's milk as we conversed. This milk is not unpleasant, tasting somewhat like rich cow's milk, and when fresh the butter is not unpalatable. To make it the milk is poured into a large skin suspended from a crossbar. Women sitting on the ground rock this bag to and fro between them as a mother rocks a cradle, and as they rock they sing weird Arab songs in slow wailing rhythm. From time to time the neck of the skin is opened to remove any butter made or to add more milk. This monotonous churning, varied only by other household drudgery and the tending of numerous offspring, fills the daily life of the nomad woman.

The only well on the road between Ferklas and Palmyra is at El Baida, some forty kilometres from Palmyra. No building is seen but one ruin with crumbling walls ; no other thing made by the hand of man exists except the well, possibly one hundred feet in depth. As I passed, many came for water with their flocks. This is how it was drawn. The skin *mussuck* was lowered, then all the men and women—there were a score or more—held on to the rope as for a tug of war, hauling with all their might and shouting lustily all

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the time. When the large leather bucket appeared it was emptied into a stone trough round which the sheep were gathered waiting to quench their thirst. It was a fascinating picture to watch in its desert setting, the women in many-coloured dresses uttering their usual quavering cries.

During the journey our Ford did not actually break down, but we felt impatient at the many stops to tie up something with bits of cord. It was nearly five o'clock when we came to the remains of great walls that had once formed the defences of Palmyra on the western hills. As we drove through the narrow depression beneath them the ruins of the ancient city came into view ; descending gradually by the side of square tower-shaped sepulchres we were soon passing between rows of white marble columns marking the way to the Temple of the Sun.

The French officers made us welcome, some of whom were already known to my travelling companion. At that time the garrison was composed of a small number of Colonial troops, a few men of the Foreign Legion from headquarters on the Mesopotamian frontier and an air force detachment. As there was no room vacant in the houses where the officers lived they found me one at the Desert Hotel, near the French Government Offices. This " hotel " has but one bedroom in which one of the beds was already taken, so there was nothing to be done but to engage the other bed and share the room with Monsieur Boyer who was taking photographs of the ruins for the French Government. As Palmyra lies on the track then being followed by the cars of

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the Eastern Transport Company it is one of the places where the night was passed between Damascus and Bagdad. The passengers travelling by this route had to sleep in the house of the local Sheikh who placed one large room at their disposal. There may have been as many as eight or ten in the convoy, so the overflow from the Sheikh's room slept in the passages or anywhere else they could find. Others who came to see the ruins had also to be accommodated by this holy man who made a good thing out of his hospitality.

In the evening I dined at the mess where I met all the officers, twelve in number, cheery fellows who treated me quite *en camarade* and with whom I passed one of the pleasantest evenings I can remember. One of the most interesting was the captain of the Desert Camel Corps—Mehariste—detachment ; he was a typical French Colonial leader and spoke of his Arabs and camels with great affection—they were his desert friends. It was midnight before we separated. I returned to my room at the Desert to find Boyer already asleep as he was to be on foot at five o'clock to take views of the Temple of the Sun in the less vivid light of early morning.

Palmyra is an oasis in the desert, where rivulets wind through the groves of palm and other fruit trees and make them green in contrast to the lifeless sands around this fertile spot. When there was a city here, aqueducts of massive stone built over high arches brought water from hills about five miles away, and one of these is still seen near the outer walls. A hot sulphur spring, called Ephca from an

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altar built near it in the second century, is celebrated for its curative powers. Every summer thousands of people drink its waters which issue from a subterranean grotto that may be entered for several hundred yards by swimming if one can stand the pungent smell. Doubtless it was all these waters that made Palmyra, known at one time as Tadmor and the granary of Solomon, a meeting place between East and West on the great trade route through the desert from beyond the Euphrates to Egypt.

This city underwent many vicissitudes. It was taken by Mark Antony who despoiled it of much of its riches, but wealth gradually returned and Hadrian ruled there in the second century. Of all its rulers none left a name so remarkable as Zenobia, who in the third century was queen over a mighty Arab empire extending from Persia to Egypt. This wonderful woman of mixed Arab, Greek and Egyptian descent seems to have had a mystic influence over her people which inspired them to fresh conquest, until ambition and jealousy brought about her downfall when she dared to pit her will against the Roman Emperor Aurelian, under whom she held sovereignty. After fierce battles round Homs and Hama, in which she bravely led her warriors in defence of the lands she had conquered, Zenobia was defeated and led captive to Rome where she ended her days, Gibbon says, as a comfortable Roman matron. The account given by the historian Zosimus is more romantic, in which it is stated that, grieving over the destruction of her beloved Palmyra, Zenobia would take no food and, mourning greatly, died.

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The magnificence of Palmyra in those days must have been unrivalled in south-western Asia to judge by the accounts of its wonders, and by the ruins we see which vie in grandeur with those of Baalbek. The court of the Temple of the Sun is now filled with Arab dwellings, which do not add to its beauty, but the multi-coloured costumes of the people are picturesque, unaltered possibly from Zenobia's time. A strange sight met my eye the first evening I visited the Temple. It was *Ramazan*, the Moslem month of day-time fasting, and the Arabs were seated by their doorways waiting patiently for the declining sun to disappear below the horizon. They were weary and hungry as no food or water had passed their lips since sunrise. As we came near these devout Moslems I cast away my cigarette, feeling touched by their privations, and I wondered whether many of the Arabs would not rejoice if present Turkish freedom that makes the observance of this fast optional were extended to their countries.

When we enter the inner portals of the Temple of the Sun we can better judge how magnificent it must have been in days of early freshness and glory. The ruin, covering an area of several thousand square yards, looks over the desert so beloved of Arabs, and on the salt-beds of Jerud that stretch like a belt of snow for many miles to the east. Rows of several hundred columns, seventy feet high, some still standing, adorned the outer court from which steps led up to the middle temple, whose finely carved ceiling is an example of the beautiful work of those times. The ruins of Palmyra

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appeared to me to be even more impressive than those of Baalbek, possibly from their isolated position in the desert and the vast area they cover, within remains of walls recently traced to a length of twenty kilometres. The Temple of the Sun is striking from the red colour of the stone in the outer walls and in the more massive parts of the interior ; and the carvings that adorned it must have been as fine as any we see at Baalbek before the scorching sun and withering sand caused them to lose some of their clearness of outline. Apart from the larger blocks of stone we see in the lower walls of Baalbek, and the rare marbles that give to its great columns an unusual charm, the ruins of Palmyra are equally grand and testify to a high degree of culture here in the early centuries of our era.

Aveaux was staying with his French comrades, but as we had arranged to meet early to pay a last visit to the ruins on the morning of our return to Homs he was with me at daybreak. We had seen everything except the ancient tombs on the western outskirts which we had left for the last morning as our road passed that way. After a few farewell minutes in the great Temple we walked through the avenues of marble columns which lead through the Triumphal Arch towards the Necropolis, more than a mile away on the lower slopes of the hills. The tombs are in the form of high square towers standing at irregular intervals, built of cut red sandstone and larger than those known in western Syria and Palestine to which they bear a certain resemblance. Some are more than one hundred feet high with several storeys,

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and niches to hold as many as four or five hundred bodies. In some we climbed by stone steps to the summit, but we found no vestige of the dead in any we visited. A few have sculptures and inscriptions with dates, and one that I read seemed to point to early years of the first century.

It was seven o'clock when we finally started on our return journey, highly pleased at our delightful and unexpected visit to Palmyra. It was just the day for such a desert journey, not a cloud to bring rain that would have made the track impassable in places. Aveaux was anxious to reach Homs at one o'clock to catch a train to Tripoli, which gave us six hours, more time than was necessary as we had come in five ; but we had not reckoned with our host, the Syrian car-owner, who had overslept himself and had forgotten several things, among them one vital necessity in the desert—a sufficient reserve of water. It was not until we had reached the well at El Baida that we became aware of this neglect by our driver's anxious face when he saw no one near to help and no leather bucket from which to fill his tins. We had therefore to face a stretch of more than one hundred miles with the water in the tank and one tin in reserve.

From this time my companion became more and more angry, until at last he was almost savage with our chauffeur for his stupidity. To add to his rage things kept happening to stop us and each time the car slowed down he let off a volley of abuse in French. Fortunately he knew no Arabic or the irritated man might have pulled out a knife and speedily settled the matter. After long delays, caused by the defective

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engine and many punctures, at last the climax came—not a drop of water was left. Luckily we were now two kilometres from Ferklas to which the chauffeur went for water under threats from Aveaux that he would not receive a piastre if he missed the train to Tripoli. After half an hour, during which we sat swearing under the broiling sun, we were again on the move. We filled the tank as we passed Ferklas and reached Homs just in time, where the Arab was paid an extra tip to compensate him for strong language.

I do not know why this route is not more generally followed as it is quite easy and shorter than that by Damascus. Anyone passing Homs would be well repaid for this journey, and a telegram to the Hotel Buffet de la Gare should secure a better car than ours as there are several to choose from if time permits. I omitted to mention that a comfortable hotel was being built by the Eastern Transport Company in the midst of the Palmyra ruins, and it will be a charming spot in spring or autumn at which to stay.

Just as I was leaving Syria the fighting round Damascus made it necessary to cross the desert to Bagdad more to the south from Transjordan instead of by Palmyra. It may be said that all these routes are safe when the people in the neighbourhood are friendly, possibly subsidised for services, or dangerous when the Arabs are up in arms against authority. The moral is, keep on good terms with these people if you can ; if you cannot, then do not count on any of these desert tracks for regular postal or other motor car services between Palestine or Syria and Mesopotamia.

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FROM THE DESERT TO THE SEA

Hama is about one hour by train from Homs on the line to Aleppo. It occupies a commanding position in a curve of the Orontes river and was a stronghold of considerable strategic importance in ancient times. It is remarkable on account of its natural situation, the quaint Arab houses that lie closely packed together and the graceful minarets of many mosques. Great wheels on the Orontes still raise water carried by aqueducts to the old mills and other half-ruined buildings lying in the valley, where fruit trees of many kinds were in blossom when I was there in spring. This primitive system of water supply, seen in so many places in the East and maintained through the ages to the present day, is nowhere more picturesque than in this bend of the Orontes valley.

There is not much to note on the journey from Hama until we are within about an hour of Aleppo when the villages present an unusually interesting appearance. They are built within walls with no outer apertures except gates to the streets, which are seldom open. They reminded me in this respect of villages I had seen in Morocco, and in southern Algeria and Tunisia towards the desert. Each appeared to be built on the same plan, with whitewashed dwellings standing in parallel rows and almost always of the same size ; little is seen of them above the outer walls of the village except their dome-shaped roofs which give them the appearance of large bee-hives. In the treeless landscape these

From the Desert to the Sea

domes, possibly a relic of the Persian occupation, attract the eye as the flat roof prevails in most other parts of Western Asia, and the vaulted roof is generally confined to churches, mosques, baths and other public buildings.

We now come in sight of Aleppo, a wonderful contrast to the expanse of open country through which we have been passing. The red stone Citadel stands out on an eminence, and the tapering minarets of many mosques are seen through the green orange and olive trees of gardens in the surrounding suburbs. It is a large city of about a quarter of a million people of whom one-fifth were Christians not long ago, but this proportion must be greater since the Armenian exodus from across the Turkish frontier in the years following the War. A new suburb round the railway station, commenced before the War, has many neat and pleasant-looking houses, and it is separated from the older quarters of the city and the bazaars round the Citadel hill.

Aleppo has been in all times an important commercial centre on one of the great trade routes to the East, but especially since Palmyra was destroyed in the wars against Rome ; and it has had a remarkable record of battle and conquest, while earthquake has added to the havoc. A perpetual scourge, known as the Aleppo button, is the boil which attacks many who stay there long. It is somewhat similar to the Bagdad button and comes on exposed parts such as the hands and face. I do not believe the cause is yet known, but some think it may be from the water and others from the bite of a fly. It certainly makes Aleppo an

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unpleasant place for long residence in spite of the good climate and interesting surroundings.

Besides ruins of great interest, two mosques in the picturesque bazaars are worth seeing, the Jami Zakariya and the el-Halawiyeh. Both are believed to be built on the remains of churches erected by the Empress Helena, and they contain massive granite pillars and beautiful old carpets. I refrained from entering them on my last journey as after I had passed into the outer courts the Moslems seemed to resent my presence. It was during the fast of *Ramazan*, at the hour of prayer, and discontent under the French administration was already smouldering.

Aleppo is a clean and well-paved town, with curious old bazaars and houses as well as modern requirements, such as banks, good chemists and a comfortable hotel owned by an Armenian. British interests are in the hands of Mr. Hough and he and his wife are most hospitable, and kind in assisting with information travellers passing this way. They greatly added to the regret I felt when I last left this wonderful old city.

There is a choice of routes from Aleppo to the Cilician plains, one by the Bagdad Railway to Adana, a journey of one day, the other to Alexandretta, taking five hours by car, and from that port steamers cross to Mersina in one night. As I had ridden several times before the War over the country now traversed by the railway, I decided to drive to Alexandretta and see my old friend Mr. Catoni, our Vice Consul there.

From the Desert to the Sea

The country passed through near Aleppo recalled the latter part of the journey from Hama in the nature of its undulating low hills, and villages with peculiar dome-roofed houses. The scene changed and became beautiful as we approached the lake of Antioch, formed by the expansion of the Orontes river in a hollow between high mountains, where the old city of Antioch lies about an hour by car from our road, once the City of God and Queen of the East, and a great mart. On the heights surrounding it are to be seen the remains of old walls which time and earthquake have partly crumbled. To-day Antioch is a comparatively small but picturesque Syrian town overlooking the wooded Orontes valley amid masses of old ruins. Daphne lies a few miles away, the remains of the Temple of Apollo and Diana standing on a wooded eminence by the side of a spring whose waters fall in cascades to the valley.

About half way from Aleppo to Alexandretta we stopped at Kirk Khan. Kirk Khan means forty *khans*, or inns, in Turkish. Many topographical features are named in this exaggerated way: Kirk Kelisseh—the Forty Churches—for a place where there may be but two or three; Kirk Gechid—the Forty Fords—on a river through which possibly few fords pass. Scores of other examples might be given. At Kirk Khan there are but two or three small inns from which I selected the best at which to have some refreshment. Many varieties of food were smoking on the charcoal *ojak*, which is the usual Turkish cooking place in these small localities, made of stone or cement with holes for the pots

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under which the embers burn. I chose a little from several dishes, but the memory of that greasy meal still haunts me.

Leaving Kirk Kahn the road rises to the pass of Beylan, over which Darius marched from Assyria with his Persian warriors, to be routed on the plains of Issus by Alexander. From this pass there is a wonderful view to the sea, overlooking the picturesque battlefield some three thousand feet below. The road winds down the side of the Amanus mountains, the Giaour Dagħ, and we reach the port of Alexandretta in less than an hour. Our Consuls are most hospitable in the East, as indeed everywhere ; it was a pleasure to meet Catoni and his family again, and my visit leaves me with pleasant memories.

PART FOUR

The Dawn of the Turkish Republic

See MAP I. TURKEY, facing page I.

OLD SCENES AND NEW IMPRESSIONS

TO return after long absence to a country associated with happy memories arouses mingled feelings ; pleasure, in the prospect of meeting again old friends while revisiting scenes of former wanderings ; sadness, as the mind goes back to days that are gone and with them many things we cherished ; and endless other thoughts that cause emotion as the land is sighted where pleasant years were passed. It was partly to compare impressions on landing at Mersina with those formed when I first arrived, nearly thirty years before, that on leaving Syria I chose the sea route by Alexandretta and not the Bagdad Railway which passes through the Amanus Mountains to the Cilician Plains. I had asked the Rickards, with whom I was to stay, not to mention the day of my proposed arrival. No one met me, but all went smoothly with the port officials as I remembered Turkish well, and I was at my hosts' home before they knew that my steamer had anchored.

Mersina had changed in many ways. Some of our old friends had died, and a number of young people of different nationalities had left, among them most of the Greeks who had been interchanged with Turks from areas in south-eastern Europe that had formed part of the Ottoman Empire before the War. One of the things which had not changed

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in Turkey, under the new feverish desire for reform, was the etiquette connected with the exchange of visits. I had hardly breakfasted on the morning of my arrival when many old friends poured in to see me, and I was expected to return their visits almost at once. There seemed to be an excess of these formalities as we were to meet on many occasions at dinners and evening parties given for me ; but the desire shown by these kind people to welcome me the moment I reached Mersina again, and their many inquiries for my wife and daughter, showed that we had not been forgotten during the long years since I had been Consul there, and it was a great pleasure to meet these friends again.

The small seaport had not yet recovered from the effects of the occupation of Cilicia by France, towards the close of the War, when the fertile plains had been the scene of fierce battles as the Turks drove back the French and caused their final evacuation ; but many new houses were being built in the place of those destroyed during this last struggle, and trade was showing signs of revival. A pleasant addition to the open bazaars was a large stone market hall, recently built and very clean, where such perishable food as meat, fish, fruit and vegetables is sold. The streets were well-paved and swept, and everything showed an improvement on what I had known in my consular days. Numbers of Armenians who had joined the French army had been killed, and as most of the Greeks had left, many of the shops were now owned by Turks, for the first time, it may be, in the commercial records of this small town ; but Jews appeared

Old Scenes and New Impressions

to be gaining a greater share in trade than had been possible when the Armenians and Greeks competed, and the Turk may again find himself in a secondary place as he is no match for any of these three in the art of clever bartering.

It was surprising to see the Turk I had left wrapped in Eastern robes and fatalistic lethargy now alert and independent, taking a new interest in trade and other occupations, and excelling in games, such as football. Officials were no longer pot-bellied Turks too lazy or phlegmatic to move far from their cushioned divans, but smart young fellows, excellent types of the men one meets to-day in Turkey in every walk of life. I exchanged visits with the Governor of Mersina and met him several times as he often called on the Rickards. It was at a most critical moment in our Mosul negotiations and England was not loved, but I have only what is pleasant to recall of this official and of all others with whom I came in contact ; he bore a name for justice among Christians, including even so recent enemies as the Greeks. These were some of the changes I noticed during the first few days after my return to Turkey, but by degrees many others were revealed, among which the most far-reaching were connected with the status of women.

It was at Mersina that I first saw the Turkish New Woman. She was striking in the change from the women we had known when we lived in Turkey before. One evening at the Rickards' house a Turkish lady was announced who had come to call with her husband. I was leaving the room, as I should have done in the old days, but I was retained by

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Mrs. Rickards. The lady conversed as freely as if she had never lived under any restrictions, and with greater ease of manner than many I have met in my own country. She was charmingly dressed and wore on her head a smart silk foulard, tightly folded, and her stockings were of the latest fashionable colour.

We returned the call after dinner a few days later. The Rickards thought that I had better not come in without previous warning so they called up to say that I was with them; but the lady ran down herself to welcome us and we sat talking until late. They were receiving other friends, and I remember what she wore because she was a Turk and these things were new to me. Her bright-coloured evening dress was so smart and fashionable that it might have just come from Paris, and as complete freedom to uncover the head had not yet been conceded to women her silken head-dress, fitting closely and shaped like a small turban, was a happy blend of shades well suited to her colouring. She was a brunette of graceful figure and Grecian profile, in this latter respect resembling many other Turkish ladies I saw later; indeed, it is only in Turkey, and not in Greece, that I have traced any modern likeness in women to the idealised types of ancient Hellenic sculpture. The other women, who were also charmingly dressed, seemed at home in their unveiled freedom, and the men were good fellows, all educated people who spoke French fluently.

Our hosts were proud of their first child, which was brought almost asleep from another room to be shown by

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the fond mother to the assembled guests. The blinking baby looked anything but happy and I soon begged that it might be sent back to bed, afraid to say very much in its praise for fear of casting upon it the spell of the evil eye ; but the mother seemed not to dread it and never once made the action as if to spit at the baby, as women would have done when I was in Turkey before. The reason for this gesture is to show contempt towards anything praised for which God is not first given credit, and *Masha 'llah*—Praise be to God—should always be said before any cherished object is admired.

The conversation was amusing ; I have not forgotten a remark made by our hostess when the talk turned, as usual, on women, and a comparison was made between those of Turkish race and others and whether they “made up”. From what I saw later I know they do, as openly as it is done in England, but at that time I had not seen other unveiled women in Turkish towns. She said they use powder, and also redden their lips and blacken their eyes, adding that there is an old saying in Turkey : *poudraseuz kadin eutusiz pantolona benzer*—which means that the unpowered woman resembles a rough-dried or crumpled pair of drawers. At home we might think this saying somewhat crude, but as related in Turkish it was amusing as an example of Eastern simile.

Mrs. Rickards and her daughters are so popular among all classes and religious sects, making no difference towards any, that they have many Moslem acquaintances who call at their house as freely as the Christians ; this gave me the opportunity of seeing much of their new family life, creeping

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in then almost by stealth in provincial towns, but changes bringing complete liberty to women were coming in more rapidly at Angora and Constantinople. I was greatly impressed by all I saw. In the old days my wife and I had Mohammedan friends, but when the women called they came closely veiled as far as the drawing room to which no men were admitted during their visit. I was relegated to another part of our house, as far away as possible. I confess that this did not please me as I should have much liked to have met some of the better-class Moslem women. I had seen thousands of their unveiled sisters of the peasant class when I travelled through the villages ; for that was the curious anomaly, proving that the covering of women's faces had no real religious authority. It was simply a custom imposed centuries before by despotic man. What the woman felt did not matter.

I had a curious experience of the freedom of rural women some thirty years ago when I had been staying at Aleppo with Mr. and Mrs. Barnham, our hospitable Consul and his wife. I was travelling home on horseback to Adana and the first night I stopped in the guest room of a Moslem village where the people were not pure Anatolian Turks but of the Turkoman race, of whom there are numerous settlers in certain parts of Cilicia. My travelling kit was placed in a large vaulted chamber, the roof supported by buttress pillars, of which one corner was allotted to me and Henry Rickards who was with me. We were waited on by a man, evidently an attendant and not the master, and by the young

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mistress of the house and her sister who both went freely, unveiled, about their household duties.

The evening passed and when bed time came the man went out with my kavass and servant who were not sleeping in this room, leaving us in it with the women. Rickards and I wrapped ourselves up on our camp beds. The women locked the door, and unrolled their bedding on rugs in another corner of the room behind one of the pillars. Removing their jackets and outer trousers they lay down, and by their breathing I soon knew that they were asleep. This story shows the simple-mindedness of these people, how little inclined they are to look upon as improper things considered shocking in Western countries. There had been no lack of modesty as these villagers wear clean white trousers under their baggy woollen ones. When I left early next morning and thanked my charming hostess for her kind hospitality she told me that her husband was the *Imam*, or religious head, of the district. He had gone for a marriage, she said, to a village on our way and we would doubtless meet him coming home.

One other type of the Old Turkish woman I have never forgotten. After leaving the house of the *Imam*, I halted at noon at a large encampment of *Yürüks* or *Avshars*, semi-nomads, who live in rough stone-built houses during the winter in the undulating plains, both north and south of the Taurus, and migrate with their flocks to those cool mountains in summer. At that season they dwell in tents, made of thick brown or black woollen stuff woven by the women

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from yarn spun from the wool of their sheep or the hair of their goats and camels, while in warmer localities on the south of the hills they live all the year under these tents. As they move to fresh pastures, long lines of these people are met on their way to, or returning from, the summer *Yailas*.

I had rest and food for men and horses at this encampment where I was received kindly by the principal or richest *Yürük* in his spacious tent, surrounded by his family. As I sat talking with him some of the women were at work. I was struck by the appearance of one in particular who was driving in some large tent pegs with a heavy beetle. She was quite unveiled and came and went freely, a picturesque figure in blue zouave, white woollen knickerbockers and sandals, her legs bare to the knees and head decked with a neat red cap adorned with gilt Turkish coins. Her great strength and good looks interested me as she worked and I could not help speaking to her. I said : “ *Masha ’allah*—Praise be to God—You are a powerful woman ”, to which she replied with a fascinating smile : “ Naturally I am strong, am I not a man of the Ouzoun Yaila ? ” The Ouzoun Yaila is a well-known district to the north of the Taurus, not far from Sivas and Kaisarieh, where one of the finest and most physically powerful races of Anatolian Turks have their dwellings, surrounded by many Circassian settlers whom they alone can keep in any measure of order. I have never forgotten this scene, which struck me as one of the best examples of many I have met of the physical advantages of rural life over that of the town-dweller.

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Next day I stopped at a village on the road to the mountains and a long string of camels chanced to pass that way. It was a caravan of migrating *Yürüks*. I was surprised as I looked up to see a woman smiling down at me from the back of a camel, upon which she was seated straddle-legged at the head of the line winding its way to the green Taurus pastures ; but I quickly recognized her. She was the lady who had been helping to pitch tents on the previous day, the " strong man " of Ouzoun Yaila.

All the women I saw on my return to Mersina were not of the new kind, and Mrs. Rickards' maid, Nejiba, was of a very different and yet interesting type. She was about forty years of age, a weird figure in dark baggy trousers and a red petticoat to a little below her knees. Her wrists were covered with a score of glass bangles of variegated colours, and gilt coins and other jewellery hung round her neck, showing under the white covering in which she wrapped her head, and also enveloped her mouth when talking to a strange man. This is the usual costume of the women in places where new fashions have not yet been introduced. She came from the neighbourhood of Kaisarieh in Anatolia, and was steeped in the old superstitions, customs and folklore of the people on that side of the Taurus ; we used to question her during intervals in her household occupations, and her curious stories might have made an interesting book had I stayed longer at Mersina.

Nejiba had met with misfortune lately. Before she left Kaisarieh to cross down to Cilicia in search of work her

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husband had disappeared to avoid being called up for military service. They had parted friends, she having no suspicion that he was courting another woman. One day her son came running from the small house where she lived in Mersina to tell her that her husband had arrived. She hurried off and came back after a couple of hours, saying : “ Madama, madama, my husband has returned safe and sound, God be praised.” “ Do you think he has found a younger wife, Nejiba ? ” Mrs. Rickards asked. “ Oh, no, Madama, he loves me so much and has just been telling me that I am his crown and the light of his eyes.” That evening she left us early to go home to cook his supper, but when she returned next morning she was in tears. On being asked what was the matter she said she knew that her Hussein had married a young girl as second wife. Poor Nejiba, her heart seemed broken and she cried all that day. “ Well, how did you find out that he has married again,” my hostess asked. She answered : “ We have a custom that when a man marries, his future wife gives him a pair of hand-knitted multi-coloured socks on the wedding eve. These he wears during the first marriage days.” It seems that while going through her husband’s bundle of clothes poor Nejiba came across such a pair of socks and at once understood what had happened.

When questioned why she did not divorce him she said that she dare not as it was *gunah*—sinful—for a good Moslem to die *nikasiz*—unmarried—because if one is good and the other wicked, when they die the good one goes to *Jennet*—Paradise—and, looking round, will ask where the other is.

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The angels will say : “ In the place of the sinful ”. On being asked by the sinless spouse the angels will go to fetch the bad one and they will both dwell together in heaven. Nejiba added that either the husband or the wife, if one be good in this world, can save their partner from hell in the future state.

Among the many things I heard from Nejiba is a beautiful belief among Moslems regarding the custom of not weeping for the dead, which some might attribute to fatalism were the true reason for it not known. A parent must not shed one tear for the departed, more especially for little children to the age of seven or eight—these children are angels and go straight to heaven. On the Day of Judgement, if the parents have been relegated to hell fire, the little child will come over to their side and, holding them each by one hand, will lead them across the Great River to *Jennet*. If they have been patient, and not shed many tears, the child will be able to guide them across in safety ; but had they wept much on losing it the child drowns on reaching the middle of the stream, swollen by tears, and the parents also sink. So their *moullahs*, or religious men, tell them not to weep.

Another belief related by her is that all good done in this world will reap its reward in the next ; for instance, if you give a garment to a poor person you will be rewarded on the Day of Judgement. On that dread day the sun and moon will burn our brain and body while we wait to hear our fate. But the garment then protects the head of the charitable giver and shelters it and the soul as a cloud from the burning rays.

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Amusing tales are told how charity is sometimes artfully avoided while the conscience is yet satisfied and, while the baggy-trousered Kurdish lady was resting after relating what I have just told, a story heard some years before came back to my memory. When I was Consul at Erzeroum an old Moslem *khoja* was among our many visitors. He explained to me how once one of his flock paid his tithes, or smaller share of his income, which all good Moslems have to contribute with honest reckoning for the benefit of the poor. This man came one day to the store with some bushels of grain, filled to the brim. The *moullah* thanked him for his promptness in performing his charitable duty after being assured that the bushels contained exact payment of the proportion of his crop. Being suspicious, however, he went into an adjoining room and through a chink in the door kept watch on the cheerful giver who, thinking he was unobserved, stealthily drew from under the grain a bag containing gold liras, and, slipping them into his pocket, he was about to leave when the priest came back and made him hand out the money. If he had not been discovered he would have felt satisfied that his soul was safe. Had he not faithfully paid his dime whatever he might extract from it later?

In comparison with the greater freedom of married women in the old days in rural districts, where only a few of the richer men had more than one wife, many of the women of the harems in the large towns used to be bought, certain areas being noted for these markets. One of the best known,

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exploited by the wealthier Constantinople Pashas, was the Ouzoun Yaila and surrounding parts of Anatolia, where Circassian girls were in special demand and fetched high prices. There was a system of slavery for both boys and girls practised in the following way. The children of women who were not the legal wives of the Beys or richer landowners, but who lived with them, were the property of those men. The sons were kept in bondage to till the land and do all menial work ; the girls were sold for town harems. Negro women from Constantinople were generally the intermediaries to select those they thought would please ; I have been revolted by the sight of these brutes in Circassian villages where I have been staying, powerless to act, although I did my best in endeavouring to have this loathsome system officially stopped.

One day, after I had been travelling for some weeks on duty as Consul through the Ouzoun Yaila between Sivas and Kaisarieh, I was sitting in my office in Mersina when a kavass came to tell me that there were two men below who begged to see me. As I never refused to receive anyone the men were brought up. They were young Circassians from those parts I had recently visited, and they had escaped, they said, from one of the Beys who had bought them from their father. As their story needed confirmation I asked them for their *Nufus Kagit*, or registration paper, which every Turkish subject carries to prove his identity and particulars of military service. On these legal documents they were described as *Keuleh*, a Turkish word meaning

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slave. I told the kavass to give them a room and all they required while I inquired into the matter. The local Governor told me that he was powerless in such a case as the Circassian Beys were permitted to keep these people and his interference would be quite useless. Now comes the saddest part of my story. I ciphered to my Ambassador relating the facts ; the reply came, to be careful what action I took as we had no right to act in the case of white but only in that of negro slaves. I was naturally amazed at such a ruling, with which the Ambassador had nothing to do but to pass it on to me.

I had to bow to superior instructions on this occasion, as on others when I should have liked to act with greater independence. I ceased all official action while resorting to other means to upset the Bey's calculations. I was away next day and, in spite of warning, one of the men went outside the gates during my absence and did not return. I knew what the poor man's fate would be as the Bey had come down to Adana and bribed the head of the police to catch his slaves. Soon after, a skipper came to deposit his ship's articles. He was a good fellow and had been at Mersina before so I told him the case, asking him whether he was short in his crew and could write the other man on as far as Cyprus. He was delighted and, entering into it as a good joke, said he was short of a cook's mate, so my Circassian was inscribed for the vacancy. This first difficulty being overcome, the greater one was how to get the new cook's mate on board as the man was well known to the police. My

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Dragoman was called and the jolly old skipper started off with him, delighted at the prospect of a possible fight, the slave between two kavasses armed with swords.

I did not see what happened, but on returning this is what the Dragoman related. When the party reached the steps on the jetty leading down to the skipper's boat the police came forward and demanded the man's papers and permit to embark. Upon this the skipper turned round and in best nautical English sent them to hell, with the remark that this was his new cook, and he was damned hungry. Then, seizing my protégé by the arm, he shoved him into the boat and was off to his ship before the police had time to think what had happened. I never saw that slave again, nor did his master, but it was with pleasure that I heard how my plot with the kind old skipper had ended so successfully. Needless to say this episode was not one of those necessitating a dispatch to our Embassy.

It was locally rumoured that the Bey intended to have my blood, so I thought it better to give him the chance as soon as possible ; I went up to the Ouzoun Yaila, some five days' horseback journey, a short time after and stayed in the Circassian guest room of a neighbouring village ; but the Bey never appeared. As I left I took care to see that my revolver was loaded, as well as my repeating ten-shot Lee-Metford sporting rifle.

I suppose my Ambassador reported this case of legalized slavery to the Foreign Office—unfortunately Lord Curzon was not then our Foreign Minister—but up to the time when

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I ceased to serve under that Office I never heard that anything had been officially done by us to stop this traffic in men and women, with the result that under Abdul Hamid the Turkish harems swarmed with poor female slaves, bought by negresses, often at the age of twelve years. I fear the system would continue still were it not that Mustapha Kemal Pasha has taken the best means to stop it by forbidding polygamy in his dominions, or any recognized system whereby a man can live with more than one woman.

THROUGH THE TAURUS TO KONIA

Adana, little more than two hours by train from Mersina, was the first stage on my homeward journey. I was to stay there with old missionary friends. After an absence of more than twenty years, I found them living still the same self-sacrificing life in voluntary exile, beloved by many and respected by all. The town had suffered during the French occupation as there had been much fighting in the central part of the Cilician plains, but it bore a new air of cleanly tidyness in its widened streets, and many new houses replaced the old hovels. The Bagdad Railway has brought new life to Adana.

Before climbing the Taurus from Adana to reach the Anatolian upland plains by this line, which crosses those

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mountains not far from the Cilician Gates, a few words may be of interest on the "Berlin to Bagdad" project. This was no recent German idea. It formed the extension of the "Drang nach Osten" policy, or the pressure of German influence towards the East, that was making itself felt in South-Eastern Europe towards the close of the last century ; and which gave rise to prolonged international discussion until finally, for reasons I ignore, the British Government gave way and agreed in June, 1914, that the Bagdad Railway might find its terminus at a port on the Persian Gulf.

The Eastern "Drang" was to be facilitated through the Pan-Islamic movement, German colonization in Western Asia and Eastern Africa and the opening up of the way to the Middle East by means of the Bagdad Railway—a scheme which was to bring Germany to the gates of India. She knew that Asiatic Turkey forms the great link between Europe and the countries of the southern Far East.

The details of the survey of the Bagdad Railway from Konia, and of the difficulties of construction in its passage through the Taurus, would occupy many pages. Sufficient to say that these difficulties were considered by some to be insuperable, but the line was completed to Mesopotamia in the later years of the War with disastrous results to us. After the plains south-east of Konia are passed, the line follows down the valley of the Chakit river until that stream is closed in by the southern Taurus mountains. In these the waters find an outlet and fall in a cascade of five hundred feet to form a new bed in the lower hills of Cilicia ; but the

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railway enters a long tunnel, after passing through several short ones in the curves of the rugged valley hills, and winds down for several miles, to emerge from it many feet below. The contours of the lower southern spurs are then followed in a gradual descent to Yenijeh, a station on the old Mersina-Adana line not far from this last-named town.

Lord Ronaldshay had been staying with us at Mersina during the earlier survey on his way across Central Asia to China, one of those little "trips" of many thousand miles on horseback this intrepid traveller used to make as naturally as a Londoner would go to Brighton. He was deeply interested, with me, in the Bagdad Railway problem, examining carefully its projected Taurus route. Had he been responsible for our policy he might have had a word to say on the enterprise, as well as on Turkey's foreign friendships, when that country seemed anxious for our participation; but possibly it was too late to change the future course of events, as Germany had already gained the secret good will of Abdul Hamid and the concession for the construction of the Bagdad Railway.

At the close of my visit to Adana I followed this railway to Konia, travelling second class as I desired to converse with the natives I would meet, and the carriages, which are simply upholstered, are clean. My travelling companions as far as Bozanti were interesting if not altogether pleasant. I was not long seated when a cheery, prosperous villager entered. He had in his hand a large bottle containing raki, strong spirit flavoured with mastic and tasting to me like

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absinthe. Some drink this freely and in doing so the Moslem Turk does not consider that he imperils his soul, as it is not the juice of the grape, which is what he believes Mohammed forbade. My jovial companion offered the bottle to me and said to drink without fear as his friends who were following were also well provided. It is difficult to refuse such intended kindness in the East without a reason, but mine was ready ; I begged to be excused as I had been travelling far and my stomach was upset in consequence. His friends soon appeared, each carrying their raki of which they drank frequently until they left the train. This is exceptional, and it is the only occasion on which I have seen a Turk drink this pungent spirit neat ; but my companions were well-behaved and a source of considerable amusement and information. They had just been called up with others of their class and were making merry on their way to join the colours. I had soon enough of it, however, and I was glad when most of the passengers left my compartment at Bozanti, in the heart of the Taurus.

The lover of wild and beautiful nature will understand my feelings on finding myself once more in these glorious mountains, where ten years of previous constant travel, over almost every pass and track from the borders of Persia to the Mediterranean, had made each peak and valley an old friend. These mountains do not soar to great heights, like the towering Himalaya, nor has nature been ruthless in the moulding of the valleys ; but this mighty range has a beauty of its own, in the bold snow-covered summits, some as high

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as thirteen thousand feet, and in the forests of pine and oak and other trees that clothe many parts of the lower hills. Streams of the purest water, wild flowers in profusion including rare kinds of orchid, picturesque encampments of semi-nomad flock owners where simple wants such as unleavened bread, milk, butter, cheese, and sometimes chickens and eggs can be obtained, these make the Taurus a paradise for those who love primitive nature, enhanced by a perfect climate and the rich colouring of the East. Some of the happiest memories are of times when we wandered with our pack-horses by day in these mountains and pitched our tents at night near those of *Yürük* shepherds on the edge of an inviting stream. In the long years since I had left Cilicia hardly a day had passed when I had not longed to see these mountains again.

Dawn found us crossing the great plains from Eregli and Karaman towards Konia. These plains, the ancient Axylon, used to be a salt waste in places and in others marshy, but something had been done before the War to reclaim the land by drainage. Crops grow now in many parts, as far as the scanty settled population permits; trees such as the eucalyptus are seen round the railway stations and the few villages near them, planted by the present Government in low-lying places for timber, and they are useful hygienically in malarial areas. All this shows that under old Turkish rule much could have been done to make a useful forest area of what almost looks like a desert still to-day.

To the south the mountains, now tinged by the rising

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sun, stretched through Karaman, and over the plains a few prominent hills rose steeply in pleasing contrast to treeless monotony. Few villages were seen, but flocks of sheep were grazing already at this early hour on uncultivated tracts round the black tents of their semi-nomad owners. This landscape recalled the barren waste between Homs and Palmyra.

At nine o'clock we reached Konia, ancient Iconium, which appeared most attractive compared with the bleak region we had traversed. It lies in gardens gay with fruit trees then in blossom, scattered in bright relief through dark-leaved olive trees that grow round the old city. Through the trees domed buildings and minarets are seen, and a Byzantine church by the ruins of the palace of Ala-ed-din crowns a hill in the centre of the town.

The sun was already hot as I walked from the train to the Bagdad Hotel, but as these plains are more than three thousand feet high the climate is most pleasant in spring and autumn. The hotel was an agreeable surprise to me as it had not existed when I was in Konia before. It is clean and fairly good, excellent compared with hotels in Adana.

Konia must be as old as the hills according to the tradition that this was the first place to appear above the subsiding waters of the Flood. Without going so far back, however, it is certainly of great antiquity, and so full of interest that it deserves far more attention than I can give to it in this brief reference. Doubtless those who visit this part of Turkey with the object of study will have provided themselves with books written by such men as Hogarth and Ramsay.

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For the less critical traveller it may be said that the Sircheli-Medresseh, the Karatailar-Medresseh, the Injé-Minareli mosque, the ruins of the Palace of the Sultan, the Mosque of Ala-ed-din, and the ruined mosque of Sahib Ata, with entrance reminding us of Persian architecture, are some of the most remarkable old buildings in Konia.

This city was the great centre of Seljukian art, having been the capital of the Seljuk Sultans in the closing years of the eleventh century. The Medresseh, of which there are many here, was probably originally intended for a mosque or bath, but later it was transformed into a theological seminary. The Sircheli-Medresseh, near the Laranda Gate, is a fascinating example of Seljuk art. Little remains of the ruins of the Palace of Ala-ed-din, but the adjacent mosque attracted me, and I went to a door on one of its sides and there I found a sentry on duty, and cases of arms and other military supplies filled this part of the building. As I had not come with the object of spying I sent for an officer, and when I had explained that my intention was to see the old and not the modern he directed me very politely to the entrance of an adjoining part of the old mosque. Here I found a remarkably carved wooden pulpit, but the walls have been made ugly with whitewash since the time when it was a Christian church. Just below the hill is the Injé Minareli Mosque, with lovely Seljuk portico, named from its minaret which is so delicate in structure that it almost tempts disaster from the fierce hot wind that blows so often during the mid-day hours in summer. One side is crumbling near

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the top, but doubtless the present Government will not forget this architectural gem as efforts are being made to preserve such ancient treasures.

A few steps brought me to the Karatailar-Medresseh, whose fine marble entrance contrasts strangely with the mud walls of the enclosure. The Sourat el Fathi, the Image or Record of Victory, is carved in Kufic writing round the lower part of the cupola, and also the names of the four friends of the Prophet, Abou Bekir, Omar, Othman and Ali. A large window of Persian design is framed in tiles of delicate colouring.

Long before the Seljuk dynasty Konia was the capital of Lycaonia. It was much associated with the ministry of St. Paul and inscribed fragments dating back to Greek and Roman times are built into the walls of Moslem buildings, in a curious way we see elsewhere in Turkey, among them sometimes the emblem of Christian faith—the Cross.

Of the many associations linked with Konia, probably none is more interesting than that connected with the Mevlevi order of Whirling or Dancing Dervishes, founded by Jelal-ed-din, a Persian mystic who came from the borders of Afghanistan to the Court of Ala-ed-din in the thirteenth century. This sect has been settled in Konia ever since. It was so venerated that its head, the Chelebi, had always been considered one of the highest of Moslem dignitaries, upon whom was conferred the right to gird the Sultans of Turkey with the sword of Othman. On a previous journey I had visited this holy man who had impressed me by his

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great learning ; but now I refrained from calling on the Chelebi as I feared that my visit might compromise him. Since the Khalif was deposed, the position of the Dervishes has quite altered. The order was given lately for their partial suppression, and the Constantinople Mevlevi Tekkeh had been closed. It was considered that there were too many of these Mohammedan devotees for the religious needs of the greatly reduced population.

Quite apart from any religious sentiment, the news of their partial suppression came as a disappointment to many, as one of the sights in Constantinople on Thursdays was the Mevlevi religious ceremony, when with graceful movements the Dervishes glided round, the palm of the right hand uplifted to heaven, that of the left turned towards the ground, their minds lost to everything earthly and thoughts ever closer in union with God as they moved in ecstatic whirlings to the strains of weird oriental music.

The Mevlevi Tekkeh is one of the most interesting sights in Konia. It forms a little colony of its own, with kiosk-like buildings in which the Dervishes live, and gardens surround the dome-shaped central shrine wherein repose many defunct Chelebis. I visited it again during my last stay at Konia. It is with feelings of awe that one creeps round in what appears at first to be darkness, so dim is the light shed through the tinted glass of the small oil lamps suspended above the tombs. In the centre, under a canopy, is placed a sarcophagus of old green tiles containing the remains of Jelal-ed-din, the founder of the order. The tomb is covered with

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rare tapestry of the thirteenth century, and old carpets, among the most valuable in the world, adorn the walls. Gold and silver candelabra, unlighted except for special ceremonies, are suspended throughout the Tekkeh. These and many other treasures may be seen, but what impressed me was the spirit of veneration which fills worshippers in all Mohammedan shrines.

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The chief interest in the railway journey from Konia to Angora is that it takes us over the plains of Anatolia, undulating for hundreds of miles at a height of from three to four thousand feet within high mountains that surround them on all sides. This central home of the Turk presents nothing of striking beauty, and in crossing it by train one misses the charm of older travel on horseback, with the kindly hospitality of the village guest room at night, but on the day in May when I last traversed these uplands by the Anatolian railway they were pleasant in the freshness of green cornfields, pastures dotted with flocks and villages seen here and there among fruit trees.

Few large towns are met, but those we see, such as Ak Shehr and Afion Kara Hissar—the junction of the line from Smyrna—are picturesque in their unspoilt oriental style beneath hills upon which stand ruins of older times. If we

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have leisure to deviate for a short distance we may reach Kutahia, the ancient capital of Phrygia and the home of old Turkish ceramic art. At night we arrive at the junction of Eski Shehr and join the sleeping car train from Constantinople for Angora. Eski Shehr, once a great Roman city, is now famous for little more than its meerschaum mines, the principal source of industrial occupation. The hard white clay is fashioned into many things besides pipes and cigarette holders, such as beads of different shapes from which necklaces, girdles and brooches are made ; they are dyed in various colours and form attractive ornaments. When I passed through at night many Turks squatting outside the station under lamps suspended from the trees, selling their wares spread out on coloured cloths, made a truly oriental picture.

I had the company of an interesting Pole in my carriage to Angora. I mention him because I found it strange that he should be a Mohammedan named Naiman Mirza Kritchinski. About five centuries ago his Tartar ancestors went from the Caucasus to Poland with one hundred thousand kindred spirits, some forming the cavalry that assisted in repelling Prussian invasions. Many left again, but more than ten thousand associated themselves with the Poles in everything but religion. They are centred now round Vilna, Novo Groudek and Grodno. Naiman Mirza and I made friends. A Judge in one of the Courts of Poland, he was on his way back from Cairo and, being interested in Turkey as a Mohammedan, he wished to visit that country

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to learn how his co-religionists were faring there. As we had not engaged rooms at Angora we decided to drive together from the station to look for some. This was no easy matter as the new capital was crowded and the few and small hotels were full, but at last, after a fruitless search elsewhere, we were obliged to stay at the *Shark*, or Oriental, Hotel, well named as it was truly Eastern and one that is doomed in the planning of the new town.

In Turkey, with the exception of Constantinople and other large towns, a room cannot always be engaged and the traveller has sometimes to content himself with a bed, sharing the room with others. At Angora even the passages were full, so Naiman and I had to occupy the same room, a large one with several windows, and three beds one of which was already engaged by a Cretan Sheikh ; but he was a good fellow and agreed to move out. As I was naturally anxious to secure a clean bed I asked the Sheikh how he had found his. He liked speaking the few words of French he knew, so he addressed me as “*mon cher*” and said that his had been all right as he had only felt two or three bugs in it ! That was more than enough for me, so I chose another bed near the windows, had the bedding put in the sun and, laying the sheets myself at the last moment before turning in, I made a barricade all round the edge with Keating, which luckily I had with me. Whether this barrier proved too much for assault, or my bed was cleaner than the Sheikh’s I do not know, but I slept unmolested by any insect and never saw one during all the time I lived in this miserable hotel,

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or indeed elsewhere during my recent Near Eastern travels. Judging by the way Naiman slept he was also undisturbed.

It can be imagined from this that my first impression of life in Angora was not pleasing. It certainly took some days before I became a little accustomed to what I had never seen before—a capital in the making—and one of the first questions that came to my mind was, why should Angora have been chosen as the capital of modern Turkey? With Constantinople so beautiful, and replete with every kind of official building and comfortable dwelling, besides scores of empty palaces, why change to what was little more than an inland Anatolian village with all that is required for a capital still to be created? Some have said that it was in order to be out of reach of intriguing followers of the deposed Sultan, as well as of foreign fleets which might prove more formidable than foreign armies had been during recent wars. There were doubtless other reasons that a moment's reflection brought to my mind, one the central position of Angora in what remains of Turkey, her possessions in Europe almost gone but extending still to Russia and Persia in the East, with the hope possibly cherished of expansion again towards the south some day. This central position makes government easier in the territory that remains, so neglected by the old Constantinople régime, as well as the complete subjugation of Kurdistan which under the Sultans had been semi-autonomous. Centuries ago Angora had been a Turkish stronghold; and in 1922 the great stand against the Greeks was made on the Sakaria river, a little to the

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west of the town, when their army was finally defeated by Mustapha Kemal and driven back to Smyrna. These facts probably influenced the Ghazi. He may have had the desire to strike the imagination of his people and with that object to achieve something new and impressive.

Modern Angora is remarkable on account of its natural position, rising picturesquely from the open valley where the station lies to culminate in a fortress which has stood for many centuries on the hills to the east of the town. When the present decrepit houses have disappeared to make way for the new city, there is no site in Asiatic Turkey more suited to the purpose the present capital is intended to fulfil. I cannot say that it is an ideal place at present, or one that I should choose myself for long residence, but if one has to live in far-off places the rough must be taken with the smooth ; and life will become more agreeable in time with the good-will of the great Powers.

Some of the principal Government offices are already built on the road leading from the station to the town, a distance of about one mile. Here we see the Grand Mejliss, or building of the National Assembly. It is well-furnished and sufficiently spacious to seat more than three hundred members, besides providing a number of separate reception rooms. The principal new hotel is on the other side of this avenue. It was nearly completed when I saw it and contains about one hundred comfortable rooms. In this quarter I noticed many other improvements, good houses, well-paved streets and public gardens giving the appearance

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of a clean modern European town. There is electric light as well as an abundant water supply, and general comfort is increasing. Grandeur is not the ideal for which the Government is working now, when Turkey is still groaning under the heritage of corrupt Sultans and recent wars ; but we may look forward to see a pleasant and healthy new city on the site of the old if fate decrees no other change in the capital of present-day Turkey.

Fortunately, high minarets remind us that we are still in the East. One of the most beautiful minarets I have ever seen was that of the Haji Bairam mosque. A few weeks after I had seen it a great storm hurled it to the ground. No matter how artists may strive, modern art can never restore here the beauty of the old. Close to the mosque the temple, with finely carved entrance, dedicated to Augustus and Rome, and the Column of Augustus, as well as the great walls of the red-stone citadel on the dominating hill, add greatly to the interest of modern Angora.

Chan Kaya—"The Bell of the Rock"—is a pleasant garden suburb on the hills to the south. Here the Ghazi has his unpretentious dwelling amid new buildings springing up, including several embassies and legations. It is healthily situated, but in Angora malaria is still prevalent in summer owing to marshes that border the river. These are being drained, and meantime there is a strictly enforced order that all windows and doors must be fitted with fine-mesh wire screens.

Most foreign representatives still reside in Constantinople,

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but a few have managed to find quite comfortable houses at Angora, in gardens outside the town where they pass a not unpleasant time, and their cheerful acceptance of local conditions while waiting for more palatial residences to be built, some of which are nearing completion, has made a most favourable impression. Among the number of these more philosophic diplomats are the German, Russian and Polish representatives. I met His Excellency Romain Knoll, who was then Minister for Poland, and had some good games of tennis with him and his Secretaries and their families at his Legation. There is also excellent shooting not far outside Angora.

I recall many impressions of my visit, but the affability of every class of person I met at Angora is certainly one of the most pleasing. I found the people more genial in this new capital than in any other place in Turkey I had visited since the War, which is saying much because the Turks are affable wherever met. Nevertheless, life did not appear so easy-going and leisurely as it had been when I was in Turkey before. The old fatalistic spirit was disappearing except in more remote parts, and many things the old-fashioned Turk used to attribute to the act of God alone were being accepted at a more practical valuation. The Turk seemed to be gradually realizing that he must work for what he wants and not wait for it to come to him from the Almighty. The expression *Insha 'llah*—if God wills—was not so frequently heard. One notices progress in many things, not least in the construction of railways that are now extending from

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from the real centre at Moscow to Petersburg on the sea while Mustapha has carried his capital inland.

Where the Ghazi Pasha gained his greatest fame, and with it this title of Conqueror, was in his last campaign against the Greeks. Some think that his popularity has begun to wane and it is certain that he has enemies, one of the reasons why the Turkish army is powerful but not so much for his personal protection as to preserve the integrity of his present dominions from the designs of other Powers. Others call him the Mussolini of the East, and in many respects this comparison is a just one.

If Mustapha Kemal appears to us to be autocratic, or cruel sometimes in the strong measures resorted to in upholding his rule, we must remember the good he has already accomplished: the liberation of women from what was almost serfdom, with freedom of choice in marriage; mental and physical examination as to fitness before marriage is permitted; polygamy abolished and marriage and divorce laws made equal for both sexes; the Swiss Code, replacing the antiquated Mohammedan Law; improved education; old fanaticism uprooted; speculation stamped out to a great extent, no easy task in the East; construction of new railways; improvement of roads and agriculture; the achievement of a sound financial policy with a balanced budget—these are some of his efforts to bring to his people what has proved best in Western countries. We have only to read the report on the economic restoration of Turkey, by Sir Herbert Lawrence at the Ottoman Bank Meeting in

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July, 1926, to understand the progress already made. It does not mean that Turkey is not still a poor country, or that reforms are more than in their infancy, but there is already a marked improvement since the days of Imperial rule.

It may seem strange to some that the introduction of the hat, replacing the national head-dress, the fez, should be mentioned seriously among the Ghazi's recent reforms. The fez has no real religious significance, having only been introduced from the Greeks little more than a century ago ; but it had become to all Turkish Mohammedans an emblem of their faith, and Christian Turkish subjects were also obliged to wear it, and were often glad to do so to escape the fanatical odium of Moslem neighbours. The hat became the mark of the *giaour*, or infidel, and in parts little frequented by foreigners the wearers were often greeted by contemptuous shouts of *Shapkale*—hat-wearer—by villagers as they passed, and this sometimes led to blows. One can imagine the surprise, and in some cases the wrath of the more ignorant and fanatical Turks who now find themselves compelled by law to wear the emblem of the despised *giaour*.

Apart from the advantage in giving the people a brimmed head-covering in a sunny country, the hat has greatly assisted in breaking down religious fanaticism and anti-Christian prejudice. The Moslem now wears it quite comfortably ; but its introduction was seized upon as a pretext for a religious and political outburst against the Ghazi Pasha by his enemies, and this is why we have read that Turks were hanged for refusing to wear the hat.

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Turkey is now making a great effort to rise above the degraded position held under previous rulers who preferred to spread ideas of Christian massacre among their Moslem subjects instead of educating them for the welfare of the State. If mistakes are now made, let us look on them as leniently as possible and extend to Turkey a friendly hand. Our path towards friendship has been made easier by the abolition of the Sultanate, and with it the claim to the Islamic Khilafat which might at any time have given rise to friction through our Mohammedan subjects of the East. The present ruler is beset by difficulties in the opposition of the old and more conservative Turks who desire his overthrow ; were this to be brought about, however, Turkey would fall on evil days once more ; her weakness might give opportunity to others Powers for the realization of ambitions in the Eastern Mediterranean opposed to our own best interests.

The treaty concluded at Angora in June, 1926, brought to a close the disagreeable Mosul question which had long been an obstacle to friendly relations between England and Turkey and at one time threatened to lead to war. Our diplomacy, aided by the fear of Italian expansion on Turkey's western shores, as well as by threats of internal strife, proved successful in retaining for Mesopotamia this northern province, while giving to some of its races, such as Kurds, the option to cross the border to revert again to Turkish rule. The terms of the agreement did not satisfy the Turkish people at the time, as they hoped that Mosul

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would be theirs as a consequence of the favourable report given by the independent Hungarian Commissioner to the League of Nations ; but in any arrangement made by us we had to consider the feelings of all the races, and especially those of the Minorities in the bordering lands. Doubtless with time disappointment will be less acutely felt owing to the better feeling that is now being established between England and Turkey, and towards which the friendly delimitation of the frontier between Turkey and Mesopotamia, announced in the autumn of 1927, is an important step.

The meeting at Odessa between Tchitcherin and Tevfik Rushdi Bey, towards the close of 1926, and the increasingly cordial relations at that time between Turkey, Russia, Persia, Afghanistan and certain other States, gave rise to conjecture as to the possible formation of a League of Eastern Nations. There is no country less imbued with Bolshevik spirit than Turkey ; but from the time when she was spurned by some Western Powers, and when the Greeks were let loose in an endeavour to conquer her, her eyes turned towards the East. The declaration of our desire for closer relations with Turkey, made by our Ambassador to the Government of Angora towards the end of last year, is the best augury for the future, and at present we need have no serious apprehension. Nevertheless, it will be well to remember that the present ruler of Turkey is not only a good soldier but a clever diplomatist and a dangerous foe.

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FROM THE NEW CAPITAL TO THE OLD

It was with a feeling of relief that I left Angora on my way to Constantinople ; not that I had been treated with anything but kindness, but my visit had been of a strenuous nature as I had endeavoured to see so much of the old and the new, and to understand the policy of the Ghazi to reconcile Eastern ideas with the Western habits he is anxious to introduce. Had it not been for an unpleasant incident the rest in the train would have been enjoyable after such well-filled days ; but I was to experience how the Turkish official now treats the foreigner with as much authority and as little partiality as he does the highest or lowest of his fellow-countrymen. I omitted to obtain the necessary visa to leave Angora, as at other places this had not been demanded after a short stay. I had travelled for an hour when the railway police came round to examine passports. When they found that I had no permit one said : “ I will remove you at Eski Shehr ”. They would not listen to argument ; they had their orders which must be carried out. To attempt, as in old days, to offer a present would have been to seek greater trouble. It was fortunate that the Turkish Ambassador whom I knew in London happened to be in my train, and I told him my story. He, also, could make no impression, but when we stopped for luncheon he kindly telegraphed back to Angora so that before we reached Eski Shehr, where possibly I would have been interned, the necessary permission for me to pass had reached the police.

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They came to me smiling and said that I could go *serbest*—free. Thus ended what takes but a few minutes to relate, but what seemed at the time to be ages of suspense.

At noon there was time for luncheon at Pomatwi. It is only a village, but the surrounding country is interesting as the scene of the desperate fighting where the Greeks made their last attacks across the Sakaria River in the attempt to annihilate the Turks. In other respects this part of the journey is not particularly attractive except for old cave-dwellings hewn out of the rocky sides of hills within view. The line enters the Pursak valley on the edge of the Axylon Plains ; there are no trees except a few bordering the Pursak stream, and those of scanty pine forests scattered over the distant mountains which gradually close in as we approach Eski Shehr. We see some flocks of Angora goats, that used to graze over the neighbouring hills in great numbers before these and most other animals fell a sacrifice to Greek hunger during the days of hasty retreat. When the kids are taken from the mothers their flocks appear in the distance like small clouds moving slowly across the valleys and hills, their long coats as white as snow and in texture as fine as silk. The mohair is greatly prized to weave into warm delicate fabrics.

At dawn we find ourselves in beautiful country as the railway passes through valleys in high wooded hills round the Geuk Sou stream, whose waters issue from the slopes of snow-topped Olympus not far from Broussa—the old Ottoman capital—and, joining those of the Sakaria, they flow together to the Black Sea. The line crosses a watershed

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to descend gradually towards Nicæa, famous for its Council assembled by Constantine and situated on the side of the Ascanius lake. Isnik, now little more than a village, shows the remains of a flourishing city, with Roman fortifications, a twelfth century church and the Seljuk Yeshil Jami.

As we wind down the last slopes of the Anatolian hills through oak and pine trees we see beneath us the waters of the Ismid Gulf brilliantly lighted by the morning sun. We pass the port of Ismid—old Nicomedia—and, following the shore by white fishing villages and the summer residences of wealthy Constantinople families, we arrive at Haider Pasha where the journey from Egypt to the Bosphorus ends.

Haider Pasha, near Scutari on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, is the terminus of the Bagdad Railway. Steamers cross frequently from it to the Galata bridge connecting Stamboul with Pera, the European quarter where many of the Christians live near the Embassies and Legations of foreign Powers, and where I was now to stay with Edmonds, one of the Secretaries at our own Embassy, and to meet my niece, Mrs. Tribe, who was to accompany me to Greece, Albania and Dalmatia on my way back to England.

The drive from the quays to Pera, overlooking the Golden Horn and little more than a mile away, bears hopeful signs of improvement in cleanliness and sanitation introduced by the present Government. The dogs, the scavengers when I was last here, have now completely disappeared and have given place to dust carts, rarely seen before, and the pavements are swept and the roadways no longer remain

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ankle-deep in mud or thick in smothering dust. I had always looked on Pera as an abominable place in which to be obliged to live, except for its picturesque surroundings, but on this last visit I found it as pleasant and clean as most other European towns.

Not many years ago Pera used to be an agglomeration of wooden houses in all but the centre of the town where large stone buildings lined the few principal streets. Hardly a year passed without a fire breaking out, to destroy whole quarters before the primitive pumps carried on men's shoulders could control the flames. These fires were of advantage, however, as stone houses gradually replaced the old wooden ones. Nevertheless, Pera has never been a place where much care was bestowed on town-planning, and narrow tortuous ways wind in every direction from the central Rue de Péra over the hills where the town stands.

The views, one of the charms of Constantinople, are often impeded by the irregularly built houses, unless when seen from some open space such as the Petits Champs gardens, or from the windows of our Embassy and the hotels situated on the southern slopes of the hills. From this side of Pera we are never weary of gazing over the Golden Horn, dotted with craft of unusual shape with white and ruddy sails, to old Stamboul in ever-changing lights and shadows. Sunset viewed from some prominent point is a scene of glory as the sun sinks beyond Stamboul in a blaze of orange and crimson flame ; and up the Bosphorus, where many dwellings creep along the Asiatic shore, the sun floods this coast with its last rays as if reluctant to leave so fair a spot.

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STAMBOUL, A CITY OF MOSQUES

The wise traveller who follows Bacon's advice and carries with him "some Card or Booke describing the Country, where he travelleth ; which will be a good Key to his Enquiry ", will doubtless be familiar with some of the fascinating pages of the history of the site where Stamboul is seen to-day. He will have read of Byzas, who came here many centuries before Christ and gave to this place its first name of Byzantium ; of the wars that followed in which Spartans, Athenians, Macedonians, Romans, Persians, Russians, Venetians, Crusaders and Turks fought for the possession of this coveted peninsula. It would be vain to endeavour to give here even the briefest sketch of all these occupations, of which the most interesting to us in what we see to-day are those of Constantine and Justinian, who have left here wonderful remains, and of the Turks who followed the Byzantines when they had succeeded in crossing the Dardanelles into Europe. After long sieges Mohammed II, the Conqueror, captured the Byzantine capital in 1453, and, entering the great Church of Saint Sophia, he uttered the memorable words : " There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet ". Since that time the Turks definitely adopted on their flag the Byzantine Crescent as the emblem of victory, and this Crescent still floats over the old City of Constantine to which they gave the name Stamboul.

We crossed from Galata to Stamboul by the stone bridge

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which has replaced the old one of boats that had long spanned the entrance to the Golden Horn. These bridges have been a great source of revenue as every person or vehicle using them has had to pay toll ; and as the terminus of the Orient Railway is in Stamboul, as well as many centres of business, the traffic is never ending. Beggars who used to squat on these bridges exhibiting deformities and wounds, some possibly self-inflicted, have disappeared with the street dogs as this easy means of livelihood is now forbidden.

We entered the Yeni Valideh Mosque, which faces the bridge, to see the tombs of the Ottoman Sultans and its vast interior that attracts many Moslem worshippers whose prostrations in prayer always impress the traveller.

Rustem Pasha, in a narrow street behind the Yeni Valideh, is the mosque I would wish to see in preference to all others except Saint Sophia, as every part of the interior is covered with deep blue and pink Koutahia tiles, many five centuries old, of which the best are designed by the great architect, Mimar Sinan, whose skill in Turkish ceramic art has never been rivalled.

We walked through the narrow streets from Rustam Pasha to see something of the life of the city—the motley crowds of men and women, of races as varied as their curious dresses, that throng all day round the small shops and open stalls ; the old vaulted *khans* where merchants display fascinating wares, such as carpets, silks, jewellery, perfumes, spices, old firearms and swords, brought by them along the caravan routes on camels from far-off parts of Asia. The *khans* of

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Stamboul, and of other cities like Damascus and Broussa, are a never-failing source of pleasure to the wanderer in the Near East. The Sublime Porte, on one of the principal thoroughfares, interested us as we recalled all that this name meant in the days of the Sultans. This great gateway led to the adjacent offices where business of State was transacted before Angora became the seat of Government. To-day the Sublime Porte stands only as a relic of Imperial times.

Not far away is the open square on which the mosque of Sultan Ahmed faces St. Sophia and overlooks the Marmora sea. Few who have sat in the gardens on its western side have known that beneath them lie interesting relics of Byzantium, yet part of the Greek Hippodrome, the At Meidan of the Turks, is buried here. Until recently all to be seen was the Egyptian Obelisk, the Column of Porphyrogenitus, and the Column of the Three Serpents brought by Constantine from Delphi ; but it is pleasing to know that the Turkish Government have now permitted excavations by the British Academy, and some interesting things are being uncovered. Mr. Stanley Casson is entrusted with this important work, and we are indebted to *The Times* for an informative article by him, published 18 November, 1926, on the Hippodrome and other remains of Byzantium.

Early in the seventeenth century Sultan Ahmed the First founded the mosque which bears his name, on the site of part of the Hippodrome. The vast exterior is the more striking from its six high minarets, as this is the only place of worship that has so many except the sacred Ka'aba at

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Mecca. The Arab Sheikhs were so incensed at Ahmed's audacity in daring to copy what they alone possessed that this devout ruler made amends by adding a seventh minaret to the Mecca sanctuary. The interior is imposing and massive columns support the great dome. There are so many things to see that it gives the impression of a museum of rare treasures, among which are some Mimar Sinan tiles in perfect colour, causing the Ahmedieh to be sometimes called the Mosque of the Blue Tiles.

Pilgrim caravans used to assemble on the square near this mosque and Saint Sophia to accompany the Holy Carpet, presented every year to the Ka'aba by the Sultan Khalifa. This cherished gift was at one time made in Egypt, as well as the Carpet sent annually from Cairo, but in later times words from the Koran were woven into the fabric at Bagdad. One of our occasional visits to Constantinople, some five and twenty years ago, coincided with the departure of the Holy Carpet. Some time after we had seen it leave the Sultan Ahmed square with great pomp on its long journey to Mecca, my wife and I came by chance on the Pilgrim Caravan resting in a palm grove near Damascus. The camel entrusted with the sacred burden was munching the usual ration of chopped straw, laid out before him in a shallow basket, unconscious of the gorgeous Mahmeli Sherif covering, and the Carpet which lay bundled up close by in the dust under the guard of a soldier; round this central group crowds of pilgrims sat with other soldiers eating their frugal meal. It was a wonderful sight in the variety of types and dresses

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of the people and the rich trappings of the camels, horses, mules and asses of the Caravan.

In the early years of the fourth century, when Constantine laid the foundations of New Rome he also built the Temple of Divine Wisdom. This temple was twice burnt down and was finally reconstructed with even greater magnificence by Justinian. St. Sophia was then a marvel of Byzantine art, to become later the glory of the Mohammedan world. Porphyry and marble columns of many colours, brought from Athens, Baalbek, Ephesus, Rhodes and Rome ; golden ornaments studded with gems ; beautiful mosaics ; priceless carpets—these are some of the rare objects we see within this marvellous mosque. Some of the mosaics have been covered and many treasures have disappeared, but Turkish decorations have been added, such as large shields upon which are scrolled “ Allah ”, “ Mohammed ” and short verses from the Koran ; an ornamented Mimber, and the Mihrab pointing towards Mecca in the place of the Christian altar which looked towards the East. The carpets laid parallel to the Mihrab give the impression that this spot still faces the central entrance. Christians who visit Agia Sofia, now the Aya Sofia of the Turks, will be interested to find here the veneration in which Christ is held as a Prophet by Mohammedans in the relics that are shown—a block of hollowed out red marble as the cradle of our Saviour, and another stone shaped like a basin in which Jesus was washed by Mary, both transported from Bethlehem.

It would need pages to mention all one sees in this once

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vast temple of the Byzantine capital ; but my wife's few words, written years ago, give our impression of the greatness of Saint Sophia after we had wandered in it many times :

If I could see but one thing in Constantinople I would say, let it be Saint Sophia. I go further and feel that if one thing only could be seen in all Turkey it should be this place of worship, superb in its grandeur. Repeated visits to it touch ever deeper the spiritual side to be found in all ; it leaves an imperishable impression on the soul. I found something in it for which I sought in vain in Jerusalem's Holy Church, and in St. Peter's at Rome. In truth it is the crown of Turkey and of her Moslem faith. We may have entered this mosque with the limited vision of the tourist, but surely most of us have left it, whatever our faith, feeling that we had become pilgrims privileged to enjoy a very holy experience. Heaven forbid that Vandals of any nation, faith or age should damage this sacred spot where both Christian and Moslem have worshipped.

I have heard it said that religion has been swept away with other changes in Turkey, but Islam forms part of the present Constitution of the State, and if further proof were needed to refute this charge no better could be found than the ceremony in St. Sophia during last *Ramazan* on the Night of Power, a night when it is believed that God bestows special blessings on those who ask. Twelve thousand

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worshippers thronged this mosque, and the hundreds of others in Stamboul were also filled to overflowing.

Were I to write but a few lines on the beauties of all the many other mosques we saw, such as the Küchük Aya Sofia, or Little St. Sophia, a gem, once the small church of St. Sergius and St. Bacchus ; the Sultan Bayazid, with white marble pillared cloisters, where myriads of pigeons are fed ; and the Suleimanieh, “ the most glorious masterpiece of Ottoman architecture ”, with the tomb of Suleiman the Magnificent, I should only tire the reader who has probably already gathered that Stamboul—a name which to the Turks means Holy, but probably derived from the Greek *eis tin polin*—might well be called A City of Mosques. Suffice to say that some are majestic, many are beautiful and all have a particular charm.

During one of our walks in Stamboul we passed through the Sultan's Gate, leading to the Palace on Seraglio Point, to see the old church of St. Irene which has long been transformed into a museum where quaint pictures and wax figures of Sultans date back as far as Suleiman the Magnificent. It also contains old court dresses, uniforms of the Janissaries, arms and other relics which give an excellent idea of the splendour of the early rulers of Turkey. We came to the figure of the Beujek Chaoush Bashi, one of the Janissary Grooms of the Sultan's Bedchamber, whose title implies that his chief duty was the slaying of bugs and fleas. The red stone building is interesting as one of the few old churches of Stamboul which was never transformed into a mosque.

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In the Imperial Museum, close by in the gardens of the Seraglio Palace, is to be seen a good archæological collection from many parts of Turkey and objects brought from Egypt, as well as bronzes and jewels of which the most interesting are from Greek and Roman times. The so-called Sarcophagus of Alexander, but more probably that of one of the Princes of Sidon, with a scene from the Battle of Issus on one of its sides, and another carved tomb known as *Les Pleureuses* are exquisite. To the untiring energy and knowledge of Hamdi Bey is due the credit for collecting most of these beautiful objects. I found this old friend in his Museum ; we had last met some twenty years before in the Taurus at the rock-carved Hittite figures of Ivriz.

The Evkaf Museum is on the highest of the Seven Hills of Stamboul near the old Ministry of War and Mohammed the Conqueror's lofty tower. It contains many artistic treasures including some very old Ottoman and Persian carpets. The director, Ali Sami Bey, is Turkey's greatest artist, whose pictures were seen in London recently and called forth high praise. He is the designer of the new postage stamps which bear fascinating views of Turkey from this artist's brush.

After seeing many of the old attractions of Stamboul we wanted to gain an insight into modern conditions connected with such subjects as education. We therefore accompanied Miss Dorothea Chambers, who with Mrs. Doughty Wylie has done splendid work among young Turkish women in Constantinople, to see some of the Mohammedan schools. Miss Mehlika Emir, a charming young Turkish lady, came

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with us. The first school we visited was the Fevzieh, where 250 boys and girls are being co-educated with very successful results. We were presented to Nakié Khanoum, the directress, who was seated with another unveiled lady and with them we had an interesting talk on modern education in Turkey. They also spoke of woman suffrage and said that it is making progress and will surely come with other reforms.

We also went to the large college where some 300 girls undergo a course of studies lasting about five years. In the large but simple mosque we were touched by seeing one girl at prayer. It was the hour of recreation and her companions were playing tennis and other games, unveiled and their hair neatly tied with ribbons. It was a contrast to what I had seen in Mohammedan schools in Syria where religious fanaticism survives. There the girls drew the *yashmak* over their faces when I entered the class rooms and peeped at me through the holes cut in their veils. We left this school in Stamboul our minds filled with hope for the brighter prospect now opening before the women of Turkey.

Robert College is one of the great educational institutions of the Near East. It is situated near the old walls and towers of Roumeli Hissar, on wooded hills overlooking the Bosphorus and beyond it to the Asiatic shores. This American centre of learning is remarkable as here Europe and Asia meet in the fellowship of many races. On my last visit Dr. Gates, the Principal, kindly showed me over the buildings where more than 600 students were living, of whom 200 were Moslems.

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Education is strictly non-sectarian here as well as in the flourishing Constantinople American and English schools for girls.

One day we went for an interesting drive in the outskirts of Stamboul in a car whose owner, not yet imbued with modern ideas, had decked the bonnet with a string of blue beads to avert the evil eye. Passing through the Damascus Gate in the old Byzantine walls, we followed them down to the Golden Horn, in view of the Sweet Waters. Near the Mosai Tower we stopped at the little mosque of Kaharia, once the old Byzantine church of the Khora, to see the wonderful Biblical scenes in fresco and mosaic, and the finely carved pulpit and screen. This mosque is unique in its old Christian mosaics. I mention it as it is often overlooked, being small and not easy to find without a guide.

Early one afternoon we took a kaaik, a long gondola-shaped boat, and were rowed up the Golden Horn to Eyoub, one of the beauty spots of Constantinople. The mosque of Eyoub, in which the sword of Othman used to be girded on each new Sultan by the Chelebi, or head of the Konia Mevlevi Dervishes, is greatly venerated by the Turks. Plane trees shade the flagged courts around it and the Ziaret, or tomb, of Eyoub, who was given the title of Sultan and was killed here, it is said, when the Saracens attacked Constantinople. Christians are not always permitted to enter this shrine, but it may be seen through tinted windows, richly gilded and adorned with delicately coloured tiles. At the entrance to the mosque we saw a blind man who, fearing to remove

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his shoes as he might not find them again among many others, was engaged in washing their soles instead of those of his own feet, as all other worshippers were doing before entering bare-footed this sacred spot.

We returned to our kaaik and rowed up to the Sweet Waters at the end of the curved tapering inlet from the sea, where fresh streams, faintly tinged with yellow, flow from the hills. On this bright afternoon these waters glittered in the sun, and it seemed as if their colour had given the name to the inlet, and not the richness of the merchandise that once poured in from the sea to the sheltered shores of the Golden Horn. Holiday makers were sitting under the trees, including many Turkish ladies who love to pass the cool of the evening by the water's edge. We sat watching them and also the tzigans, or gipsies, who swayed in curious dances to the rhythm of their pipes and tambourines. Leaving our boat on the Golden Horn we walked back in the evening over the green hills to Pera. This closed one of the many delightful excursions which add greatly to the pleasures of life in Constantinople, once happily named by those who loved it Dersaadet (Dar es Saadet)—The Abode of Bliss.

THE OLD BAZAARS

The bazaars have always been one of the great attractions of Stamboul. Few who have visited them, with no intention

The Old Bazaars

to buy, have been able to resist temptation, or the persuasive yet courteous insistence of the owners of the open or glass-fronted shops filled with beautiful wares from many lands of the Orient. These merchants are of varied Eastern races, but the majority are Ottoman Greeks, Armenians and Jews, well-accustomed to entice tourists "just to see" the things they have to sell while asking more than twice their value. But as visitors wind their way through tortuous passages, lined with shops displaying merchandise of every variety and colour, bargains can be made if the purchaser holds firmly to a price not greatly exceeding half the sum originally demanded by these practised vendors.

I had not visited the Stamboul bazaars for fifteen years until I went there again during my recent stay on the Bosphorus ; but on this occasion I wandered through them several times. I do not know whether the lapse of time made me critical or the memory of other places I had seen meantime, such as Fez where the bazaars are wonderful ; but I felt somewhat disappointed in these Constantinople markets which have lost their appearance of animation, like most other things in this city, since the capital of Turkey has been transferred to Angora.

Many purchases used to be made by thousands of rich Turks and their women, and even if only half were paid for still the sums received admitted of large profits. The Sultan and his scores of wives, with their crowds of followers and attendants, formed a considerable source of wealth to the city. The Moslem custom of burying the dead without

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coffins but wrapped in shrouds, sometimes as many as seven being used and often of gorgeous embroidered fabrics for richer people, gave opportunity for gain to the bazaars and large stores. Some of the best shops had standing orders from Abdul Hamid for hundreds of pieces of finest woven China and Damascus silks. These were sent to Mecca, to be sprinkled with water from the sacred Zem Zem Well and then returned to make shrouds. When any honoured friend of this Khalif died, one of these was given in which to wrap the body. It was believed by many Moslems that the dead person thus sanctified went straight to Jennet—the Paradise of the Faithful; but the custom has gone with the Khilafat, as many others that were picturesque but costly. Modern Turks are thinking of more practical things, such as how to exist during present less prosperous times, than of the beautiful wares that adorned the Stamboul markets in days when most of the revenue of the oppressed country went to fill the coffers of Sultans and their sycophant friends.

The wealthy Pashas who swarmed round the Padishah, their harems filled with beautiful and elegantly-dressed women, seem to have disappeared as if by magic from the palaces fast falling into decay on the Bosphorus. It is probable that most of the good-looking unveiled Turkish women we see in Constantinople to-day would have been relegated to harems under the old régime. Now many occupy positions in banks and other business houses where they are taking the places of the young men who had been killed in large numbers, as in other countries; and of those left the

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majority were called up for military service when I was in Turkey just before our recent agreement on Mosul.

One evening on our way back from the bazaars, passing behind the Yeni Valideh Mosque, we found the *faaljis*—fortune-tellers—seated on the steps outside telling the *faal* of any who would stop. We had known so long of Eastern soothsayers that my niece was anxious to try her luck, so we selected a smiling Turkish woman, attired in gaudy native dress, who opened a coloured handkerchief before us and placed on it some beans, some old Turkish coins and a large blue turquoise, possibly intended to avert the effects of the evil eye. She shook them up together, put them in my niece's hands who then replaced them on the cloth. This was done several times while the woman examined them intently, saying: "You have had great troubles, but they are over. You have some small worries to come, but they will not be of much importance in your life, and they will also pass. Your number is four. You will leave Stamboul in four days, or weeks, or months, I cannot say which. You are going where you will meet four friends, and when you finally get to your home there will be four loved ones awaiting you." Between each thing she foretold she shook up the beans, watching carefully to see where the blue amulet fell. The fortune, as far as it went, was a true one, and we might have heard more impressive things if we had had more time at our disposal. Fortune-telling in the East by means of beans is centuries older than old Stamboul.

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THE BOSPHORUS

On a lovely morning in May we took one of the steamers that leave the Galata bridge frequently for the Bosphorus. As it was Sunday, Edmonds, one of the busy Secretaries at our Embassy and our kind host in Pera, was able to accompany us and we carried lunch to eat in the gardens of the Summer Embassy at Therapia close to the water's edge. The residence had been burnt down by accident a few years ago, but the grounds presented by the Sultan in 1847 to Lord Cowley, the Ambassador, are still the property of our Government.

No matter how often the Bosphorus is seen it always appears in fresh beauty, and in spring it is the most lovely spot in the world. We pass many palaces and mosques, and gardens bright with flowers that also adorn the balconies and windows of the houses built like large chalets near the blue waters, or on the shady slopes of the hills. On this May morning the air was as warm as in August by our sea. Fruit and chestnut trees and flowering shrubs were in fragrant blossom, inspiring a feeling of dreamy rest and calm.

At moments, however, the mind wandered back to ghastly deeds that have made the Bosphorus one of the most bloodstained parts of the world. Countless gruesome tales are related of men and women tied in sacks and cast into the stream in the dead of night, and few of the Imperial palaces on these shores are unstained by some act of

The Bosphorus

vengeance or cold-blooded murder under the rule of the Sultans. The scene of battle between the East and the West throughout the ages, it would be rash to think that the last word has been said here in spite of all the efforts now being made for universal peace.

Fortunately for us we were out for pleasure, and not many of these gloomy thoughts came to our minds that day as our steamer glided through the calm sunlit stream and we moved from one landing-stage to another to embark or land a few holiday-makers. It was interesting to watch them as they were of many races, with unveiled Turkish women in modern dress among the number ; these people, combined with the exquisite scenery, made time appear to have been all too short when we reached the last village on the European side—Roumeli Kawaghe, The Poplar of Roumelia. Here, on the shore a few yards away, there is a symbol of recent strife which, one must hope, may prove to be an augury of future peace ; several huge guns, made useless for further war, are seen near a dismantled fort that had guarded the northern entrance to this great waterway.

From Roumeli Kawaghe our steamer crossed to the Asiatic coast, to Anatole Kawaghe—The Poplar of Anatolia—where the Bosphorus opens out towards the Black Sea, clearly visible beyond the entrance. There are no poplars to be seen, but the little fishing hamlet low down by the water's edge is almost hidden in plane trees, with quaint-shaped sailing boats round the creek and an old ruined fort on the hills near by.

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Our way now followed the Asiatic shore until almost opposite to Therapia where we crossed again, and our journey being over for the present we greatly enjoyed our rest in the shade of the Embassy gardens. It was strange to hear the song of the nightingale at this noon hour in the groves close by. Any who have known these places before the war, and the ruthless manner in which trees have been felled elsewhere, will rejoice to see how they have been spared on the hills bordering the Bosphorus. Our Embassy grounds are covered with trees and masses of flowering shrubs, and it is creditable to the neighbours that no damage was caused to the property. We wandered through the woods on the slopes, enjoying the view across the water to the green hills of Anatolia.

All too soon we found ourselves on a steamer descending the Bosphorus whose waters and shores had never looked more lovely, and, as we drew near, gray old Stamboul was tinged with pink, reflecting the colours of the late evening sky. Thus ended an unforgettable day.

As we were leaving the peaceful waters, flocks of birds resembling large swifts, called Yil Kawan or wind-skimmers, which dart restlessly over the surface throughout all hours of the day and, it is said, of the night, were speeding back and forth to unknown destinations. Little seems to be known of these wandering birds, probably the reason why so many legends are woven round their mysterious flights. It is related that the Yil Kawan are the souls of some of the departed, buried under the cypress trees near Scutari, who

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have sinned and have been condemned as punishment to be ceaselessly on the wing. Once in every year they meet in the cypress groves to gather new souls to their flocks. The story also runs that these birds bear the souls of faithless wives who have been thrown into the Bosphorus in sacks and are wandering in search of lost lovers ; but Turkish legends make no allusion to the souls of faithless men !

SMYRNA

It had been my wish for many years to revisit North Western Asia Minor to see again some of the old ruins that make this corner of the Near East fascinating. For this reason we chose the Smyrna route on our way to Greece and the Eastern Adriatic, and towards the end of May in delightful weather we left Constantinople by the "Jumhouriet", a steamer of the Turkish Black Sea and Anatolian Coast Lines. We were in doubt as to what might be in store for us, fearing that the steamer might not be clean. During all the years I had previously passed in Turkey I had never travelled in Turkish ships, as in those days foreigners avoided them if they could. I must say, however, that I have never been on a cleaner ship than the "Jumhouriet". The crew were Turkish and the cabin attendants did everything possible for our comfort ;

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the food was good, if not so appetising as the excellent fare of the Russian restaurants which were then in Pera. The Turkish Government is now bestowing much attention on the improvement of their shipping and it was interesting to see that these efforts are meeting with success. Nevertheless, much time and money will be necessary to bring the mercantile marine, so neglected during Sultanic rule, to anything approaching efficiency.

My niece and I were the only foreigners among the many Turkish subjects on board, but by degrees we were drawn into conversation with our fellow-travellers. This added to the interest of the journey, as the women, who were not veiled, walked or sat talking with the men quite freely. It was interesting to see how much at home and at ease they were, and the scene on deck would have surprised anyone who had only known Turkey before these changes. At this time hats had not been adopted generally by the men, but one or two on board wore them, though appearing somewhat anxious not to attract notice as this was just before the *Iradeh* by Mustapha Kemal which abolished the fez as the national head-dress in one short sentence, and the more conservative Turks looked on the hat with disfavour.

The day had closed as we left the Sea of Marmora and passed Gallipoli, of sad but glorious memories of our brave Australian, New Zealand, Indian and other comrades lying buried round these coasts which I had seen many times before the War. One consoling thought came now to mind, that no more fitting spot could be found for a warrior's grave

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than the shore of Helles or Suvla, beneath the heights that guard this gateway to the East.

Towards dawn we left the Hellespont and, following the Troad coast beneath Mount Ida, we crossed the Gulf of Adramyti and anchored near the little town of Aivali. As we had not expected to call at any place before reaching Smyrna I hurried on deck as we dropped anchor, and saw large lighters and motor fishing-boats filled with troops approaching our steamer, their white and copper-coloured sails caught by the rays of the rising sun. The men were taken on board and packed into the hold and on the fore-castle deck. There were so many that it seemed as if they would be stifled in such a small space, as the sun becomes overpowering soon after it has risen at this season of the year, but still more men were to follow and boats came and went several times. The last two brought the Colonel's small carriage and horses, one a mare with her foal ; as she was hoisted on board the foal kicked violently while suspended in the air, but resumed its usual calm when deposited by the mother, and this ended a most entertaining scene.

The greatest order prevailed during the operations as the discipline was remarkable. Not a word was spoken, even by an officer to give a command ; national airs sung by the men as they crossed the bay ceased as they reached the gangway. The following morning, when we landed at Smyrna, we left the troops already bronzed and looking happy, and with no idea of their destination or the object of their sudden uprooting from their daily occupation. This was shortly

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before the settlement of the Mosul question and it was rumoured that they were on their way to the frontier of Mesopotamia. Another story was that they were to disembark at Scala Nuova, south of Smyrna, the reason being that the Italians were said to be massing troops at Rhodes and other islands, and the Turks feared a sudden landing. The suspicion existed that Italy would endeavour to take the place of the expelled Greeks in this part of Asia Minor on opportunity arising, such as if Turkey were engaged against us in the direction of Mosul.

From Aivali our course lay between the coast and the island of Mitylene, ancient Lesbos, the home of Sappho. Its mountains stand out in bold relief in contrast to the undulating hills of the mainland, along whose shores small fishing villages lie dotted ; but many parts of the island are fertile and produce good olive oil and grain, as well as wine once famous.

At evening we sighted the Island of Chios and soon were entering the wide mouth of the Gulf of Smyrna. It takes several hours to pass up this beautiful stretch of water to the port of Smyrna, which lies in a sheltered bay at the foot of Mount Pagus rising close upon five hundred feet and crowned by a citadel with foundations more than two thousand years old. Smyrna, once "First in Asia in beauty and size," is one of the oldest cities in Asia Minor, and before the War it merited well the words written by Lady Ramsay : " with Mount Pagus and its ruined castle rising out of the cluster of houses, it looks a queenly city crowned with her diadem of towers."

Smyrna

To revisit Smyrna to-day fills the mind with sadness. I had expected to find great changes caused by the fighting in the last phase of the Greco-Turkish War, and by the fire which followed the entry of the Turkish troops, but I was not prepared for the awful devastation and ruin which is now seen on all sides. When viewed from the steamer this previously flourishing place appears little more than a great mass of ruined buildings, and most of the city lies in heaps of shapeless stone and rubble. Except for some offices on the water front, the old Mohammedan quarter which escaped owing to a sudden change in the wind, and a few houses near the Aidin railway station, most of the buildings have been levelled to the ground or stand as mere shells.

To attempt to trace the cause of the fire would only be a vain endeavour as this question always meets with a different answer. Some say it was started by the Greeks before their final flight from Asia, others impute it to spite on the part of the Armenians, and I have also heard it said that the town was fired by the Turks as an act of vengeance or to conceal pillage. It is hard to imagine why the Turks should thus destroy one of their principal cities, just as it was recaptured, unless it was done accidentally, started by some individual setting fire to a particular house for personal reasons. On the other hand, it might have been ordered officially as part of the plan to finally clear out the hated Greek who had brought upon the country a ghastly war in his ambition to extend the territory already allotted to him ; but such folly seems almost incredible. Whatever caused the fire the Turks

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have suffered greatly in the stagnation of trade which has followed the catastrophe, and it will take long years to repair the damage done. The financial loss has been estimated at as much as forty million pounds.

What the future of Smyrna may be will depend on the policy of the Turkish Government and whether its trade importance is increased at the expense of Constantinople. In any case there are certain local products which will always be of commercial interest. Smyrna figs are the best in the world, and although many of the trees were destroyed during the Greek retreat large quantities of this fruit are dried and exported every year. Currants and sultanas are also an important product, as well as olive oil, valonia—the acorn-cup from the oak forests—attar of roses, opium, sponges from the islands, and beautiful silks which alone would make Smyrna commercially esteemed.

It used to be a great market for Anatolian carpets, and many were also brought from Persia. This trade has suffered much lately as large numbers of rare old carpets were destroyed during the recent war, and Armenian and Greek emigrants have taken with them those they owned, which were among the best of what remained. The men and women employed in carpet making were mostly Greeks who have now been interchanged with Moslems from Greece and the Balkans, and much of this industry has departed with them; but many of the Moslems are also skilled in weaving rugs and carpets of beautiful design, and with time this handicraft may flourish here again.

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Although British trade with Turkey has suffered much owing to our high prices compared with those of other countries, as well as from political friction which caused England to lose favour with the Turks, certain of our manufactures still hold first place. Of these, Manchester yarn and piece-goods are among the principal ones ; but Italy and France are competing with finer qualities of cotton goods, and Japan is also sending large quantities of cheaper kinds.

One of the difficulties of trading with Turkey and similar poor countries is that small merchants have not the necessary capital and can only trade on credit, which we are reluctant to give. When I was in Turkey officially I proposed a plan to obviate this. I made arrangements with the Ottoman Bank at Adana and Mersina to be responsible for the total payment to the English houses for individual orders from groups of local merchants known to the Bank and to whom it would give credit. The goods were consigned to the Bank which paid for them and then distributed them to its clients as payment was received. By this means the English merchant ran no risk and received an order of sufficient importance, while the local trader could obtain the goods from the Bank on a much smaller commission for expenses than that charged by the middleman or the local wholesale dealer. I think that such a system is generally possible ; I understand that it is being successfully worked on a large scale by a Smyrna firm in conjunction with an Edinburgh bank which finances the fig and raisin crops to the extent of more than a million pounds a year. If more

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general it would make our export trade with Turkey easier in the present uncertain times, and it could be adopted in the principal centres where responsible banks have agencies. If something is not done by manufacturers in England to improve our trade relations, many of our stagnating exports to Turkey will soon have almost vanished, in spite of the zealous efforts of our Commercial Attaché and Consuls.

There were never any good hotels in Smyrna. My niece and I had been recommended to try Miss Williamson's Clinique, which is pleasantly situated at The Point, near the railway station. This lady, who kindly accommodates stray travellers, made us most comfortable in every way. I look back with special pleasure to a drive we had with Miss Williamson to the country house of her sister, Mrs. Whittall, at Bournabat. She has delightful gardens with many varieties of flowers which filled the air with fragrance as we sat under the trees whose fruits were already tinged with ripening colours.

It does not take many hours to see the few things of interest in Smyrna, but we did not fail to visit the bazaars, which are among the largest in Asia Minor, where the strange people of different races and varied costumes who flock to them are as attractive as the many kinds of Eastern wares displayed. In one of our walks outside the town we crossed the Caravan Bridge over the Meles River, built on foundations thousands of years old, which leads to Diana's Bath, a pool of many bubbling springs where the Iliad is said to have been written.

The Seven Churches of Asia

THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA

Smyrna, the site of one of the Seven Churches of Asia, is a good centre from which to see the other Churches—Ephesus, Laodicea, Sardis, Philadelphia, Thyateira and Pergamos; and from this centre many other ruins may also be visited. We had a letter of introduction to Major Money-Shewan, manager of the Aidin Railway which has remained a British company since the line was built by us many years ago. He gave us much valuable information, gained from personal experience and activity, and I feel sure he would be equally kind to others who desire to see some of the ruined cities within reach of the line.

One of our first expeditions took us to Ephesus, near the station of Seljuk, which we reached after an interesting journey of about three hours. The line passes at first through well cultivated country, where cereals, olives, vines, tobacco and fruit vary the scenery in valleys protected from the strong sea breezes by wooded hills. At Kazamir, about an hour from Smyrna, there is a large aviation camp, one of the new training centres, selected for its sheltered position which makes it possible to fly at all seasons of the year. Our train was filled with officers coming for instruction, and we saw several flights during the few minutes we stopped here. We next come to Tepé Keui, the junction for the Cayster Valley line, and not far from this station are the ruins of Colophon, one of the traditional places of Homer's birth, where the French are making arrangements for renewed excavations.

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We soon pass the lake of Pegasus, a most attractive spot for sportsmen as it is the home of many water fowl where I should have much liked to make a stay. After leaving the lake the valley narrows in between hills on which many ruined castles stand, dating from the times when roads passed here to the East from the great cities then bordering the sea. Game of every kind abounds—partridge, quail and woodcock, also francolin in great number that love the berries of the scented myrtle covering the slopes.

We reached Seljuk, once named Ayasoluk, at the head of Ephesus valley opening out towards the sea. There is now no comfortable place at which to stay as the hotel was destroyed during the Greek war ; but a room may be found at Azizieh, the next station on the line, which is a clean and healthy place standing seven hundred feet above the sea, and where there are the ruins of a magnificent temple. It is only a short distance from Ephesus, but as food is very poor in all these small places it is well to bring necessary supplies. It is possible by the courtesy of Major Money-Shewan to arrange for a saloon carriage in which to travel and sleep, with small kitchen attached, stopping at each noteworthy place, and this is by far the most convenient arrangement. A car can be ordered to meet the train at Seljuk, thus saving time and a hot tramp, but we did not know this and suffered much from the heat in the long walk back from the farthest ruins near the ancient City Port.

The first object noticed is the great aqueduct near the station, where storks have built their nests on the summits

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of the buttresses and were standing watching over their young while signalling to each other with the peculiar clattering of their beaks as a warning of approaching danger. They add greatly to the fascination of the scene. The aqueduct is in a good state of preservation as far as the Hill of Ayasoluk, which was known to the ancients as the Holy Hill when it formed part of the defences of the Temple of Diana. It is a prominent landmark near the ruins of the vast Justinian Basilica of St. John Theologos who is said to have been buried here. Modern excavations have brought to light marble slabs and pillars, near great blocks of conglomerated cement and brick ornamented with raised horse-shoes and lances, or arrows, and dating back to very remote times.

From this hill the view is glorious in the sparkling sunlight. The great walls of an old Byzantine castle stand on the highest point overlooking the valley, now covered in ripening crops, and countless wild flowers vie with the rainbow in beauty of colour on the hills beyond this valley ; red and grey tiled cottages are dotted over their slopes, and the sea, far away in the Bay of Ephesus, blends in soft harmony with the sky. On the distant hills of Coressus the remains of the walls of Lysimachus rise above the ruins of Ephesus, which extend across the valley to the farthest slopes of Mount Pion. Two things only are wanting to complete a lovely picture—trees which have been ruthlessly destroyed, and the once brilliant native dress of the people working in the fields who are now fast adopting drab Western garb.

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We descended the hill of Ayasoluk and entered the old Seljuk Medresseh which was transformed into the Mosque of Sultan Selim. The pink marble interior is decorated with fine arabesque inscriptions and beautiful tiles, and tombs from the times of the Seljuk Sultans recall the splendour of those powerful rulers. We had not come, however, to see the remains from those more recent times, but the ruins of Ephesus ; and we walked a short way over the valley to a spot where, three thousand years before, the vast Temple of Diana had stood as one of the world's Seven Wonders. Excavations carried out some fifty years ago had uncovered little more than the foundations, and these were now so smothered in the corn that it took us a long time to trace them, on a slight eminence near whose feet the sea had once formed an inlet from the Bay of Ephesus, long since silted up by the Cayster River ; but further excavations, carried out in 1927, have thrown much light on this wonderful old site.

We continued towards Mount Coressus, beneath which we saw remains of the Odeon, the Gymnasium of the Agora, the Theatre, the Great Agora and the Temple of Claudius, and on the undulating hillsides parts of the ancient aqueduct and roadway. A short walk through the valley brought us to many other ruins, including the Great Gymnasium, the Agora, the Serapion and the Stadium.

From Ephesus a delightful excursion takes us to the ruins of Priene, Miletus and Didyma. They are easily reached from the small town of Sokia, the terminus of a branch line

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passing Magnesia-ad-Maeandrum ; trains connect with those on the main Aidin Railway, but it is more pleasant and convenient to travel there by car as a good road skirts the Bay of Scala Nouva in scenery of great beauty. From Sokia the rough road is not suitable for a car, but horses or a country cart can be hired to visit these ruins. If time is short a day is sufficient to see Priene and Miletus. Both are of great interest, Miletus as one of the greatest cities of Asia Minor about the fifth century B.C., Priene as a model of a fortified Hellenistic town, from which sprang close upon a hundred colonies.

Before leaving this part of the coast of Asia Minor Didyma is well worth visiting. It lies to the south of Miletus within about two miles of the village of Jeronda. One day is sufficient to see the ruins and to return to Miletus, a journey of about twenty miles, but a longer stay would reward a lover of archæology. The Temple of Didyma is considered by W. H. Buckler to be the finest single ruin in western Asia Minor, and his opinion is beyond dispute.

Reaching again the Aidin Railway a short journey farther east brings us to Gönjeli and from there, six miles by road, to the village of Pambuk Kalessi near the ruins of Hierapolis. The theatre is one of the most perfect in Asia Minor, on a spot happily chosen for the superb view. Laodicea, one of the Seven Churches, near the village of Eski Hissar, can also be easily reached from Gönjeli.

To the north of Smyrna there are remains no less remarkable than those which lie on the Aidin Railway. A journey

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by train of about forty miles through pleasant country brings us to Manissa, at the junction of the lines from Panderma and Afion Kara Hissar. Here Magnesia-ad-Sipylum stood whose founders are said to have been the famous Amazons. Its chief interest now is the rock-cut figure of Niobe or Cybele on the hill side a few miles away, known locally as the *Sourat Tash*, or Image Stone. It portrays the bust of a woman twenty feet high and nine feet wide ; the reason why it is thought to represent Niobe is because the effect is given of tears flowing from her eyes as if ever mourning the fate of her children. Possibly this is caused by the constant dripping of water from the rock above, and some think that this is the figure of Cybele. On returning to Manissa a few minutes may be passed in seeing some of the mosques and other Moslem buildings.

Thirty miles to the east of Manissa we reach the ruins of Sardis, near the small village of Sart. Here Lydians, Greeks, Romans and Persians held sway in their several ages, and it was from Sardis that the younger Cyrus made his world-famed march across the Euphrates to the borders of Persia. Possibly remains of several periods will be brought to light at a future time, including the Palace of Croesus when he ruled here. We can trace to-day the foundations of a large temple, admirably excavated by an American expedition, believed to be the Temple of Cybele. It is of the fourth century B.C. and bears a Greek inscription on one of the walls. This temple stood between rows of beautiful columns, two of which are still upright and well preserved.

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We visited the Hill of Tombs, where excavations show vaults in which were found objects belonging to various races buried here. Some distance away is a larger necropolis with many tumuli, known as the Bin Tepé—the Thousand Mounds. Little is seen of the past glory of Sardis, but its story lives in the delightful pages of Sir William Ramsay's book, "The Letters to the Seven Churches of Asia," written not many years ago. The picture of what is left is given in his closing words: "Sardis to-day is a wilderness of ruins and thorns, pastures and wild-flowers, where the only inhabitants are a few huts of *Yürük* nomads beside the temple of Cybele in the lowground by the Pactolus, and at a distance of a mile two modern houses by the railway station."

Philadelphia ends our present journey towards the east. Its chief interest lies in the fact that it was another of the Seven Churches, and on this account many may wish to see it as it is only thirty miles from Sart, near the station of Ala Shehr; but beyond the remains of an old castle and ancient walls, the theatre and the now hardly visible stadium there is little to attract except the Christian association of this spot.

After retracing our way to Manissa the Panderma line may be followed to Ak Hissar, the station for Thyateira, in a pleasant valley bordered by gently sloping hills. It has no claim on the traveller except as the site of another of the Churches, and as having been for long an armed outpost of Pergamos. We did not stay here long, but continued by train to Soma, where a fair road leads to the modern town of

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Bergama, close to the ruins of Pergamos. It is also possible to travel by steamer from Smyrna to the little port of Chanderli and then Pergamos is only a few miles by road. This city first gained importance towards the fourth century B.C., when the Spartans, aided by Xenophon's Greeks, fought against the Satraps of Persia. From that time its history is remarkable ; Pergamos became a centre of learning, celebrated for its great library. It was adorned with many temples, those to Zeus, Athene, Dionysus, Asklepios, Augustus, and the Temple of Faustina which stood in a royal garden. Other great buildings were grouped round the high Acropolis hill. In addition to a remarkable history, the dominating situation makes the ruins of this royal city, once the chief centre of Roman Imperial Administration, a great attraction to the cultured traveller.

I fear these few words give but a poor picture of the wonders we saw near Smyrna ; they are intended only as a modest introduction to books by such scholars as Buckler, Hogarth and Ramsay, if their pages have not already brought delight to some who read these lines.

PART FIVE

Greece and the Adriatic



MAP IV: THE ÆGEAN AND GREECE.



MAP V: THE BALKANS AND EASTERN ADRIATIC.

A GLIMPSE OF GREECE

STEAMERS cross frequently between Smyrna and the Piraeus, some stopping at Mitylene and others at Salonika on the way. We chose a ship of the Lloyd-Triestino line and followed the Mitylene route which is more direct, with only a short stretch of open sea across the Aegean to the shelter of the Cyclades Islands where our course lay between Andros and Euboea ; then, entering the Gulf of Aegina, we reached the port for Athens soon after sunrise.

It would be hard to find a more uninteresting town for the non-commercial traveller than modern Piraeus ; but some of the stories of Greece are associated with the old city and its neighbouring coast, in days when great expeditions left the Saronic Gulf ; and one of the decisive battles of the world was fought near these shores and the island of Salamis. The Piraeus in old times was a great port, surrounded by strong walls by Themistocles and adorned by Pericles and later rulers with temples and theatres. All these have now almost vanished, but the modern town has again developed lately as a commercial centre, and last year when I was there this port was full of shipping and many of the Greeks had happy faces in contrast to those of our own merchants in Constantinople. Roused at length from a dream of conquest in the lands round the Eastern Aegean,

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where once the strength of Hellas lay, the Greeks are now taking advantage of Turkey's neglect of the great port on the Bosphorus to increase their trade. It is but a transit trade for the most part, as the few plains and fertile valleys in so mountainous a country as Greece produce comparatively little for export. Whether industries and prosperity will grow under the stricter discipline of present rule is a question which time alone can decide, but it is certain that this small country cannot be in a worse condition than when it was governed with greater leniency. I have never forgotten the words of King George of Greece, not many years before he was murdered at Salonika, who remarked to me that countries and rulers in Southern Europe were passing through difficult times, and the tragic fate of this kind ruler confirmed the truth of these words.

One thing the Piraeus will always have, the view, one of the most perfect in Greece when seen from the shores a few minutes' walk outside the town. Mount Hymettus, treeless but covered with wild thyme and other flowers imparting to these hills their delicate tints, the Acropolis on its rocky eminence, and far away the galaxy of Cyclades islands, like white sails on the blue sea, make an enchanting picture when seen in the lights of an Eastern evening.

A less pleasing memory of the Piraeus is of a time when, only a few hundred yards outside the town, I asked for some water at a small café and the owner proposed wine instead. I had a glass of *resinata* and handed the equivalent of a shilling in payment, much more than its proper price, but

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the Greek demanded five drachmas, which I refused to give. He instantly drew an old rusty pistol from a drawer behind the counter and presented it at my head, while another man ran to guard the door. I paid what was demanded and left, as I could not miss my Salonika steamer. This was some twenty years ago. Such things could hardly happen now so close to a large town, and it was then an exceptional occurrence, but at the time this scene impressed me greatly, in a so-called civilized land.

Attica, on whose borders Athens stands on a site selected for safety a few miles from the Bay of Phaleron, and surrounded when at its zenith by walls connected with those of the sheltered port of the Piraeus, gained importance from several causes. This central part of Greece lies between the Peloponnesus and Boeotia, and from the wild coasts and the islands near them came many brave sea-faring men, while the hills and mountains of the interior contributed a hardy, warlike race. It was these rugged environments of sea and mountain and the rough circumstances of their lives that moulded the character of the ancient Greeks while influencing the selection of their principal strongholds ; and when the time came and they were called upon by the ambition of leaders to seek expansion beyond the seas, no race could be found in early ages more suited for colonization. In countries such as Greece where, except in a few of the larger towns, the people still live primitively, and to an even greater degree in the lands of Asia where modern ideas of civilization have not penetrated, I have been impressed by the influence of

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surrounding nature in determining the character of the inhabitants and the position of their abodes.

Athens can be reached in twenty minutes by electric trains ; but it is more enjoyable to motor there, which does not take longer, and on the way a halt may be made at Phaleron to see this pleasant suburb by the sea where the Athenians crowd in summer. We had but a few hours to pass in the capital, well known to me already, and these remarks on some of the things we saw are made with the hope of assisting others who also may be pressed for time.

It is a pity that the modern town has been built so close to glorious ruins, which one sees with a longing that the old stood alone in primitive setting ; but it is too late for regrets, and when we leave Constitution Square, in the centre of modern Athens, we find ourselves on the road passing through the ancient cemetery of Cerameikos. On both sides of this, the Sacred Way which led to Eleusis, are tombs ornamented by delicately carved bas-reliefs and other sculpture. A short distance from the Sacred Way the Temple of Hephæstus, known generally as the Temple of Theseus, stands near the gentle slopes beyond which the Acropolis towers on a prominent hill. This Pentelic marble temple of the fifth century B.C. is well preserved and interesting in its simple Doric architecture. I had recently seen the Doric Temple of Poseidon at Paestum near Naples, and temples at Gergenti and other places in Sicily, which added great interest in comparing those marvels of Greek art with the relics we see in Greece.

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From the Temple of Hephæstus we enter the road between the hills of the Areopagus and the Nymphs and thus we reach the lower gateway to the Acropolis Hill. Marble steps of later date, replacing the old winding way cut in the rock, lead to the Propylæa, where great columns form the entrance to the flat summit, five hundred feet above the sea. It was here that the inhabitants of Athens dwelt before it became a sacred place, and we still see traces of the Pelasgian walls and of those built later by Themistocles.

It was in the fifth century B.C. that beautiful monuments of Pentelic marble, such as the Propylæa, the Parthenon and the Erechtheum were begun, which so greatly added to the glory of Athens in the best period of Greek architecture. The Parthenon—the temple to the Maiden Athene—was completed during the reign of Pericles and was celebrated for its Doric columns, more than forty in number, and sculpture carved or inspired by Pheidias. It is still a beautiful monument in spite of partial destruction by fire, and what some look on as vandalism in the carrying away of its finest sculpture, parts of which we see in the priceless Elgin collection in the British Museum ; but their removal has preserved them from possible destruction, and sufficient remains in place to give an idea of former grandeur. In Christian times part of the Parthenon became a church, which was converted by the Turks into a mosque about the year 1460 and steps are still shown which led up to the now fallen minaret.

The Parthenon contrasts in grandeur with the delicate

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architecture of the Erechtheum, which covers the old temple of Athena Polias and the building of Poseidon-Erechtheus, and here we see examples of beautiful Greek workmanship in the entrance colonnade of six Ionic columns, and the portico of the Caryatids facing south, one of whose graceful figures is in the British Museum. Near the entrance to the Acropolis the little reconstructed temple of Nike Apteros, known as the Wingless Victory, with four columns at each end, is one of the most perfect specimens of Ionic architecture. It is reached by marble steps above the surrounding terrace and from this spot we have a glorious view over the Plain of Attica and the sea.

After passing some time in these ruins and in the small museum which contains many carved fragments, besides other interesting remains and statuary found on the Acropolis, we left this scene of wondrous memories and reluctantly retraced our way along a dusty road to the modern city ; but we found compensation among the many rare treasures we saw in the National Museum. Days might be passed here with enjoyment and yet the eye and mind remain unsatiated with the feast of beauty among objects dating from remote times to more modern, thus forming an interesting study of each succeeding period of Greek sculpture and other arts ; but I only mention a few of the things which pleased us most in our necessarily short visit—a beautiful vase of 2500 B.C. from Crete, the connecting link between Greece, Egypt and farther East ; a rare collection of gold vessels and ornaments from Mycenæ, some dating

A Glimpse of Greece

to 1600 B.C. ; two groups of the sixth century B.C., one of players with sticks crossed ready to commence a ball game, the other of wrestlers ; statuary from the eighth to the fifth century ; a remarkable head attributed to Pheidias, and a bronze statue of a youth which was recovered from the sea after it had lain there many centuries. One room is devoted to the best period, four hundred years before Christ and earlier, and among fine examples of the Roman period of about one hundred years before Christ are a woman sleeping on a rock, a Cupid, a figure of Pan and an Aphrodite from Epidaure ; but of all we had time to see we were possibly most impressed by the statue of Hermes of Andros and the small smiling boy with a swan.

Modern Athens is a pleasing city, with parks and shady avenues, where the leisurely traveller might pass many agreeable days while seeing other ruins in this city, and in places reached by car or train. The Plains of Marathon, where the Persians met their doom, are to-day within an easy drive of the capital ; also Daphne in its shady glens, unspoilt by modern setting, and Eleusis beyond it at the head of Salamis Bay. Phylæ, to the north of Athens, can be seen in one day. The island of Ægina lies twenty miles from the Piræus ; there one sees the ruins of Ægina and a great temple to Artemis Aphaia. The hardy islanders shared with the Athenians in the great victory of Salamis.

Round the Gulf of Corinth are dotted many ruins, those of Delphi being among the most beautiful in Greece. In a secluded valley, under the rugged heights of Mount

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Parnassus, they are famous for the Temple of Apollo and the Oracle, and one also sees the remains of the theatre and the stadium. Many of its treasures were removed at various times, some by Constantine to adorn and enrich his new Byzantine capital, but it can never lose its wonderful situation, its ruins and old associations. A steamer can be taken from Corinth or Patras to Itea, from which Delphi is a short drive by car ; or from Athens the railway is followed to Bralo, a journey of a few hours, and from there a somewhat long drive by an excellent road through wild and lovely country brings us to the ruins.

Mycenæ lies to the south of the town of Corinth on the railway which circles the northern Peloponnesus. This site owes its fame in recent times to Schliemann's excavations in 1876 which revealed the massive character of the cyclopean walls, its wonderful buildings and vast extent. It contained treasures probably richer than any found elsewhere in Greece—articles of gold, bronze, amber, crystal and Egyptian and other pottery, some of which are now in the museum at Athens ; there are also domed tombs, and the Royal tombs on the Acropolis in which were found skeletons literally “ smothered in jewels ”. Recent excavation to the south of Mycenæ near Argos and the Gulf of Nauplia has revealed similar remains. Mycenæ has given the name Mycenaean to a prehistoric civilization which has made this place immortal.

Before leaving the Peloponnesus another site must be mentioned—Olympia, on the north-western coast about ten

The Pearl of the Adriatic

miles from Pyrgos, famed by Lysias as " the fairest spot in all Greece ". The Olympic contests were instituted in honour of Zeus in this great centre of Hellenic life and art. The beautiful Hermes of Praxiteles, the Altar and Temple of Zeus, the Gymnasium, the Hippodrome, and the Stadium where the contests were held are some of the treasures and ruins we see here, not far from the central highlands of Arcadia where the Alpheus stream issues and flows to the sea beyond lagoons and wooded hills closing in this glorious spot.

THE PEARL OF THE ADRIATIC

It was late in the day when we left the Piræus and sailed down between the Cyclades Islands and the Peloponnesus on our way to Corfu. In fine weather the journey of about thirty-six hours is pleasant as the steamer is never far from the coast with many inlets in which small fishing villages lie sheltered at the foot of wild and precipitous mountains. During the second night we passed the Gulf of Corinth and the Ionian Islands of Zante and Cephalonia, leaving behind us the home of many myths and legends that form a fitting background to the inspiring history of ancient Greece.

At dawn we approached the Island of Corfu, The Pearl of the Adriatic, and anchored in the beautiful bay where the small harbour of Corfu lies facing the Epiran coast. Rowing

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boats came out to meet our ship and carry us to the shore. It was a scene of enchantment. The still sea rippled only under the touch of the oars ; pomegranate, orange, almond and wild cherry, growing to the water's edge, mingled their blossom in the gay colours of many flowers and shrubs. The luxurious vegetation of this island was alluring after the generally treeless nature of the countries I had passed through since landing on the bare shores of Palestine many months before.

It is only to the north we see dark mountain headlands, some more than three thousand feet, that give the impression of mighty sentinels keeping watch over the entrance to the Adriatic Sea, not far from where the rugged shores of Albania meet the Epirus hills. Corfu has been at all times a place of strategic importance. It was at Corcyra that fleets and armies assembled to form the Greek expedition against Syracuse in the endeavour to conquer Sicily. The island has inspired many pages of Thucydides, as well as those of other writers, but they draw a picture of its people and its sometimes raging seas in sharp contrast to the pleasant inhabitants and the peaceful island we see to-day.

The British Protectorate in the first half of last century has left pleasing traces, including good roads throughout the island still kept in excellent repair, and fruit trees of many kinds, besides the oak, the plane, the eucalyptus and the magnolia. The inhabitants look back to those peaceful years as a happy memory, in contrast to previous more stirring times. In every part we found our country held in

The Pearl of the Adriatic

gratitude and friendly respect, and it was pleasant to meet many who could speak English. The seaport of Corfu has the advantage of several good hotels. We stayed at the Angleterre and Bella Venezia, and found its shady gardens restful ; I well remember our breakfast under the trees on the morning we arrived. The many pleasurable excursions which can be made are another reason why this island is a most enjoyable place for a lengthy and enjoyable stay. One of our short drives was to the wooded Canone Point, in a setting of green hills overlooking the sea-lake of Calichiopoulo, and the Bay of Castrades where two small islands lie mirrored in the sea, on one a convent and on the other a monastery, which in their matchless surroundings form one of the most delightful pictures of Corfu. A legend tells that one of these islands is Ulysses' galley, changed to rock by Poseidon.

The Empress Elizabeth of Austria loved Corfu. She used to pass some time every year in the white marble palace of Achilleon, a few miles from the harbour on a promontory in beautiful gardens within view of the shores of Greece. The ex-Kaiser acquired this palace and came here from time to time before the War, nominally to rest from his varied preoccupations ; but many had a suspicion that his visits to this island, like others to the Mediterranean, were not intended so much for repose as to gain fresh opportunities for intrigue.

We had an experience of the friendly nature of the people on the evening when we visited the Achilleon. Finding the palace and grounds temporarily closed for a

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municipal meeting, we sat in the shady garden of a small café overlooking the sea. A family party from Corfu joined us and soon were opening baskets ; it was not many minutes before they entered into conversation and insisted on our sharing some of the things considered by them appetising. As courtesy made it impossible to refuse, my niece and I cast dismayed glances at each other as we endeavoured to swallow, with apparent relish, a garlic-flavoured rissole or some smoked native fish, and we evidently met with success. These people were also going to see the palace and asked us to join them, and as one of their party was a police officer we gained immediate admittance. There is nothing to admire in the modern tawdry interior, but the gardens are tropically luxuriant with shady paths bordered by arbutus, myrtle, bay and ilex, and exquisite flowers abound.

ALBANIA, A COVETED LAND

The Yugoslav steamers of the Yadranska Plovidva Line, which leave Corfu twice weekly and touch at many of the Albanian, Dalmatian and Croatian ports on their way to Trieste and Venice, are not large but they are clean and comfortable, and none will regret travelling in one to see these glorious coasts. They cross first to the small Albanian port of Santi Quaranta, in the Bay of Butrinto, opposite to

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the northern mountains of Corfu, and this short journey is of great beauty in the early morning light.

Santi Quaranta is surrounded by hills, immortalized by Homer, where old ruins in wild scenery are now almost smothered in dense bush and scrub. It is a starting place for travel in southern Albania and northern Greece, where motor cars can be hired. The principal roads are fairly good since we used them in conveying troops to Macedonia from our base at Taranto in southern Italy. Yanina is the principal town of Epirus, distant about seventy kilometres, and Monastir may be reached by car in two days, travelling by Argyrokastron, Leskovik, Kastoria and Florina ; from Florina, also, one can travel to Salonika by train. Postal cars, with seats for passengers, connect these and other important towns. Those who have not been in this wild part of Europe since before the War will be surprised to find so greatly improved communications.

From Santi Quaranta to Valona we follow closely the Albanian coast, always delightful in its ever-changing scenery and light. At first the rounded hills are in contrast to the wild heights forming their background, but as we pass up the Straits of Otranto the mountains rise steeply from the sea round the long narrow Gulf of Valona and give shelter to the port. This gulf is of strategic importance at the entrance to the Adriatic Sea, guarded by the headland of Cape Glossa and the Island of Sasceno at its mouth. The Hellenic colony of Apollonia lay close to the present town, founded by Corinthian settlers. It was a Roman naval base ; the

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Normans held it and after them the Venetians until it fell to the Turks, who were here during several centuries until in 1913 Albania became an independent State. Valona was its first capital, but two years later the seat of Government was transferred to Durazzo.

Valona is reached on foot in twenty minutes from the port, and lies beneath Mount Topana amid olive groves, adorned by minarets of Turkish mosques and fountains near its old bazaars. There is a fine view over the bay and the southern Albanian mountains from Mount Santo near the town. What will interest sportsmen is the small lake of Arta to the north of Valona, as in its sheltered borders woodcock abound. It will be pleasantly remembered by those in our Navy who have enjoyed good shooting here during visits to the Adriatic.

An absorbing search for oil has lately seized Valona, where concessionaires of different nationalities are competing in their desire to acquire the best lands. I was told that our country is well represented; the Anglo-Persian Oil Company is said to hold rights over several thousand hectares not far from the coast and round Fieri. The Italian State Railways and the French are also interested, as well as the Standard Oil Company. Some of the wells which are being bored appear to indicate the possibility of good results.

Many of the passengers who embarked at Valona were Albanians in picturesque native dress who sat on the lower deck in the moonlight in merry groups, enjoying their rest from hard work while singing their national songs, not unlike

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what we hear in India but softer and less nasal ; they reminded me of what I had listened to in the eastern steppes of Russia and other remote parts of that country. While one sings the others keep up a humming accompaniment and at times the rhythm is marked by the clapping of hands. It was late before we could bring ourselves to leave our deck and the songs and mirth of these easy-going people.

On our small steamer there was only one first class passenger besides ourselves and he interested us as it was probable that we might be travelling companions for some days. He, also, was absorbed in the scenery and in books which evidently spoke of this wonderful coast. As he was English he may have been diffident about making first advances, unlike the expansive foreigner who needs no introduction or encouragement to enter into conversation. We are too inclined to keep to ourselves and in doing so we often lose opportunities of making pleasant acquaintances and gaining useful information. Our French neighbours delight in telling a story of an Englishman who, when travelling in some wild country, had fallen with his horse into a deep ditch by the side of the road. Two Frenchmen were passing and one went forward to assist him, saying : " Give me your hand and I will help you out " ; but he frowned and drew back, upon which the other Frenchman called out : "*Imbécile*, don't you see he is English and you have not been introduced ", and, asking our fellow-countryman his name, he formally presented them, upon which the

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Englishman seized the Frenchman's hand and allowed himself to be hauled out.

It was not long before we overcame our national reserve and soon became excellent friends, much to our advantage as our companion was Scott O'Connor, the well-known traveller and writer. We passed several days with him in Ragusa, and the excursions we made together added greatly to the interest and pleasure of this part of our journey. He was also on his way from Greece, having passed some time in the Cyclades Islands. Our evenings were made enjoyable with accounts of these and other reminiscences of places he has seen.

The port of Durazzo is reached in about eight hours from Valona. We arrived there in the early morning, with hopes of being able to drive to Tirana, the present capital of Albania and about two hours distant by car. It might not have been possible to reach it as we were to sail again at noon, but fortunately the captain was also anxious to see this interesting town, so we persuaded him to accompany us, thus removing all fear of the ship departing without us. We found an old Fiat car and were driven at great speed, but safely, over an unimaginably bad road.

The first part of our drive lay through flat marshland where duck, snipe and woodcock give excellent sport, after which the road entered more hilly country with fields where the corn was already ripe. We were interested in the dress of the Albanians we met riding on donkeys or trudging on foot, a remarkably fine-looking people, most of the men

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with long rifles over their shoulders as well as knives or pistols in their voluminous red sashes, making them appear as if prepared for fighting and not on a peaceful mission to sell their farm produce in the Durazzo bazaars.

Albania had never been so quiet in all its history. Peace reigned everywhere for the first time during many years ; but custom dies hard, especially in such wild mountainous countries as Albania. Tradition and the spirit of vendetta, in which this people and those of neighbouring lands have always lived, nurture in them their love of arms, cherished more than wife or home. Instinct also tells these high-spirited men that the time has not come when they can entirely lay aside their well-trusted sword for the primitive ploughshare, and that powerful neighbours cast covetous eyes on their now independent land. Not many months after our journey Italy declared her intention, in certain circumstances, of occupying Albania, and now, towards the close of 1927, a treaty announced between the two Adriatic neighbours gives rise to conjecture as to what may be the next step.

The road did not improve as the valley narrowed, and gangs of workmen were busy repairing it, which did not make travel easier. We sometimes came to a stretch of a mile or more which had been completed, and there we flew along at break-neck speed, only to be brought almost to a standstill by deep ruts or a dilapidated bridge. It was a restless drive as all the way we raced against time ; our only comfort was that we had kidnapped the Captain. In such scenery,

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however, it would be difficult for the mind to be long concerned, or to dwell on anything but the beauty of the surrounding country, green with pasture and the foliage of many trees ; and the rugged peaks, sometimes snow-tipped, of the high Albanian mountains are seen round Tirana as our road gradually ascends. Before long the old citadel and minarets come in view, last vestiges of Turkish occupation. We halt outside the principal hotel at the entrance to the bazaars. It is unpretentious, just sufficient for the needs of this small place of only six thousand people, but everything looks fresh and clean in Tirana as there is abundance of water, and clear streamlets flow by its avenues from the Kroja and Mali Kuçok.

It was Sunday. The streets and squares were filled with peasants wearing their handsome holiday dress of every imaginable shade. We were the objects of some curiosity as it is not often that foreigners come this way. In Albania the English are certainly popular as our country is respected for its justice, and we are not suspected of harbouring sinister designs on this land. The people flocked round us to get news of the outside world and we had no lack of friendly guides to show us the attractions of Tirana of which the Albanians are justly proud.

The principal mosque, with its quaint-shaped minaret of peculiar beauty in colour and design, is adorned by carved pillars and the sides inset with old tiles, and it stands within green railings of Venetian workmanship. It is a fascinating relic of Turkish Balkan rule, only to be compared with the

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Begova Jami at Sarajevo and the Adrianople mosque of Selim. There are many Moslems in Albania, but having gained their independence after long years of struggle they have no regret for the departed Turk. We were fortunate that our skipper had an Albanian friend he was anxious to see, and this gave us ample time. After our excursion round Tirana we sat under the trees outside the hotel while waiting for his return, sipping our coffee and watching the ever-varying scene.

Our drive back was over the same bad road. At Durazzo we had just time to visit Sir Harry Eyres, until recently our excellent Minister in Albania, who had been Consul General at Constantinople during many years. After the Bosphorus he would have found little Durazzo dull had it not been for absorbing political interests, and shooting as his chief recreation. It can be had within a stone's throw of the town, and duck, snipe and woodcock gave him many a good bag.

No country in the world has had a more chequered history than Albania, or one more filled with wars in which Durazzo and the Adriatic play a prominent part. From the time of the first settlers from Corinth and Corfu, six centuries before the Christian era, to the Turkish occupation four hundred years ago, Durazzo and the neighbouring coast were the scene of foreign invasions by the Romans, the Goths, the Greeks, the Byzantines, the Serbs, the Normans, the Italians and other peoples. The only peaceful occupation was that of Venetian merchants, and during the four centuries of Ottoman rule fighting of some kind seldom ceased for long.

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If we read some of the pages of Albania's history, we shall better understand why the men we met when driving to Tirana are still armed to the teeth. The restless lives and fighting spirit of their forefathers have left a marked strain in their blood which will not readily vanish.

The most remarkable thing about Durazzo to-day is the almost complete absence of any vestige of this historic past. Palaces which adorned it and most other traces of magnificence have nearly entirely disappeared ; yet there is fascination in the beautiful setting, and any who can visit this Albanian port and follow our road to Tirana in its striking scenery of valley and mountain will find here a most interesting travel experience, especially should they have read some details of the vicissitudes of the brave Albanian race. We should have enjoyed a longer stay, but our captain, still held as hostage, was impatient to return to his ship, and as it was we left the port several hours after schedule time.

DALMATIA THE BEAUTIFUL

Evening was closing in when we reached Dulcigno, in the bay where Albania, Dalmatia and old Montenegro meet. From this small port there is a good road winding up through the mountains to Scutari, on the lake of that name and surrounded by high snow peaks which rise steeply many

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thousand feet. Steamers cross the lake to Virbazar and continue for a short distance up the Rijeka River from where Cetinje, Montenegro's capital not many kilometres away, can be reached by car over a fairly good road. The sea can be again met at Cattaro by one of the most beautiful roads in the Balkan peninsula, to which I shall refer when I return to Cetinje.

It is at Cattaro, the principal southern port in Dalmatia, that our ship next stops after leaving Dulcigno, but we were unable to go ashore as it was late and we could not obtain the necessary permit, so we returned there a few days later by road from Ragusa. Nevertheless, we were glad to experience the feeling of deep mystery inspired by the passage at night from the outer sea through bays and gulfs and narrow channels hemmed in so closely by high mountains that sometimes there is barely room for our ship to pass. These openings form the Bocche di Cattaro, the first entrance marked by lighthouses showing the way between lofty headlands to a winding inlet and the inner bay of Castel Nuovo. We leave the small town of that name in the distance and pass through a succession of other enclosed bays and channels of which the narrowest is the Callene, and here in the darkness we can hardly distinguish where our steamer will turn next. We see the bows confronted suddenly by lofty crags and it appears as if we should inevitably crash upon them, but we turn sharply and navigate cleverly round a succession of similar dark cliffs. Emerging from this tortuous channel we find ourselves in the long gulf of

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Cattaro, surrounded on all sides by mountains of great height. The only objects to relieve the dense obscurity are the distant lights of Cattaro, and those of small fishing villages where tiny white houses lie so close to the water that they seem to be bathed by the wavelets of this lake-like fiord.

At daybreak we entered the port of Gravosa, in a sheltered bay formed by hills and the high wooded promontory where Ragusa overlooks the sea. No more beautiful place could have been chosen for a small capital than Ragusa—called Dubrovnik in the Slavonic tongue—nor one more worthy to be seen. It stands beneath the slopes of Monte Sergio, clad with vineyards mingled with fruit trees, on a plateau overhanging the Adriatic where the old city, enclosed by massive walls, contains within a small radius more objects of interest than any other town I have seen of similar size. Around it have sprung up modern houses, but they are built along shady avenues in parks and gardens, adorned with flowers and many tropical plants. These extend to Gravosa and add considerably to the charm of the old fortified town.

Ragusa has a glorious past. Founded by Roman refugees, it was prosperous under Byzantium, and at one time it vied with Venice and even sent ships as far as the shores of our own island. In the time of our Queen Elizabeth the fame of this small Republic was widespread for its wars on the seas. Its strength lasted until Napoleon brought about its temporary downfall in the early years of the last century, but it rose again and is now a flourishing part of Yugoslavia in spite of Balkan strife. To-day it gives the impression of a most

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peaceful place. Its beautiful old buildings are in perfect preservation, and not one stone seems out of place in the mighty medieval walls. They and the great fortress of San Lorenzo, built against the Venetians in the eleventh century, are reminders of necessary defence in bygone times.

From the avenue outside the walls, where the large and comfortable Hotel Imperial in palm gardens commands a glorious view over the Dalmatian coast, we cross the bridge above the moat and enter the fortress city through the Porta Pile by steps, as no wheeled vehicles are admitted within the old town. We find ourselves in the flag-paved Stradone where once, we are told, a narrow inlet of the sea separated the city from the hills. It is now the principal thoroughfare and a favourite promenade on Sundays and holidays to the old harbour of Cassone. This little creek witnessed the glory of the old Republic when Ragusa, then Aragosà, launched her argosies, at a time when the coast of the Eastern Adriatic vied with Venice in prosperity.

As we pass through the Porta Pile we see the Church of San Salvatore, and the Franciscan convent and church with curious belfry dating back to the early years of the fifteenth century. It suffered like most buildings in Ragusa from earthquake and fire when some of the world's most precious illuminated books and other treasures were destroyed. In the church of the monastery are to be seen at all hours those using it as a quiet sanctuary, kneeling in prayer and meditation. Frescoes cover the walls of the restful cloister. Its central garden is filled with small orange and lemon trees

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and flowering shrubs, through which an old carved well and an expressive statue of the gentle Saint Francis are seen. We sat in the shade near the frail figure of "the most lovable of all the saints" and found it hard to leave this peaceful spot when a kind Franciscan who passed offered us his help and knowledge.

On a small square facing this sanctuary is the fountain of Onofrio, possibly as old as the one with graceful nymph, just outside the Porta Pile, which is of the sixteenth century. By the Ploce Gate the Stradone Corso broadens out and forms a square upon which are some of the finest old buildings of Ragusa. Of these the Divona, or Dogana, is one of the most remarkable. It was built by the Florentine Pasquale in the sixteenth century, but it shows different periods of architecture. The fine arched entrance to the pillared court is in Renaissance style with richly adorned ceiling, and over the doorways are the names of venerated saints. The upper storey is lighted by large Venetian windows and in the centre is the figure of San Biagio, the patron saint of Ragusa.

The narrow streets round the Dogana are lined with high buildings which were once palaces of the ancient aristocracy. They lead to the Dominican monastery which is a blending of Gothic, Roman and Renaissance architecture, noticeable also for the carved arches and pillars of its cloister with Venetian well within a delightful garden.

From the Dogana we pass the Slavonic church of Sveto Vlaho—San Biagio—opposite to the Town Hall in which

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there is an interesting museum of local antiquities. One of the lower halls, opening on a marble terrace, is now the principal café of the town, but the old architectural beauty is still unchanged. It is truly Philistian that such wonderful old buildings as those seen on the Corso should now be occupied by shops, and cafés where people sit or walk to and fro on the promenade outside listening on holidays to the music of a military band. One evening we sat here and after a little time I went forward and spoke to the Colonel of the regiment who was at a table not far away. After an exchange of friendly greetings I asked him if his excellent band might play some national music for us. He was delighted at the compliment and took me to the bandmaster who was most pleased to comply with our desire. The Colonel spoke in flattering words of our country, the great champion of weaker States, for which I thanked him and expressed the admiration in which his own country and its brave people are held by us.

Next the café is the Palace of the Rector, designed five centuries ago by the same architect who built the Riccardi Palace and Church of San Marco in Florence. It contains the old archives of the Republic, but the chief attraction is the delicate carving of the façade, and the Gothic entrance to the court which recalls many beautiful Moorish courts I have seen in Majorca, in Spain and in southern France.

The people are still Croatian in sentiment in spite of centuries of Latin and other influence, of fine physique and both men and women remarkable for their good looks, for

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although many are fair-haired there is a blend of Eastern colouring with dark expressive eyes. On market days one sees a variety of dress, but it is only on Sundays and certain festivals that the town-dwellers appear in national costume. Usually they wear European clothes ; the girls, often hatless, are up-to-date in the shortness of their hair and the brevity of their skirts. What I have mentioned by no means exhausts the list of all Ragusa's charms, and if I have said a few words on many that pleased us it is to show those who love a blending of the old and the new that they will find it here in perfection.

Any who linger near Ragusa can make a short excursion from Gravosa by rowing or sailing boat to the Ombla, a long inlet where the clear waters of a subterranean river mingle with those of the incoming sea. A considerable stream issues from under the foot of craggy cliffs, thought to have its origin some twenty miles away in Herzegovina. Towards the sea the sides of this valley slope gently and are clad in trees, through which we see villages low down by the water's edge where one may land and, resting in the garden of a small inn or under the shade of an old monastery, enjoy the beauty of this peaceful scene.

One evening we took a small motor boat and crossed from the port of Cassone to the little island of Lacroma where King Richard is said to have been wrecked. The only building on this solitary island is a convent where the Sisters have a school. The children were in the gardens at their evening meal, talking and laughing merrily ; when we stopped to

From Ragusa to Old Montenegro

take a snapshot they all jumped up and clustered round, coaxing me to photograph them also, which I did to their great joy. It was certainly a charming picture and one worth having as a remembrance. In the evening we climbed the hill, rich with rhododendron and oleander, to be met by a glorious view, on one side over the sapphire waters and the wooded coast with its coves and bays and wild headlands to the fiords of Cattaro, and on the other to Raguso on its promontory, set in old walls. I shall always carry with me the glory of the sunset which perfected this enchanting spot.

FROM RAGUSA TO OLD MONTENEGRO

From Ragusa an excursion of great interest can be made round the coast to Cattaro, and from there a road winds up the side of the mountains to Cetinje. By an early start it is possible to make this journey and to return the same night. We left at six one morning in a car with two other passengers, an Albanian lady and her young daughter, both in white national dress. The costume of these people is always charming, but the voluminous skirts of the women and the many petticoats they seem to wear take up more than a fair share of room in a car, and when I took my turn to sit next to the far from sylph-like mother I felt almost extinguished by her superabundant draperies.

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The way follows the side of Monte Sergio overlooking the island of Lacroma. Then, as Ragusa disappears behind us, we pass through a low col between the hills and the wooded slopes leading down to the water's edge. We now find ourselves in what looks like another land. An expanse of undulating country opens before us, with valleys covered in corn and pasture where distant white villages show through the trees like small islands on an emerald sea. Far away beyond the green foreground rise the lofty rugged crests of Herzegovina, rose-colour in the early sunlight. Our road divides and one branch leads by Trebinje to Bosnia's capital, Sarajevo. At first it passes through low hills, but these rise gradually and join bold peaks towards Mostar. Sometimes the road winds up over high passes, to descend again to rejoin the railway in the deep gorge of the Narenta at whose head Mostar, the capital of Herzegovina, lies. It is a walled town, possibly dating from Roman times, where Turkish minarets denote a more recent occupation. An old bridge, with round tower at either end, crosses the Narenta in one wide span, arched high above the water; this bridge is a beautiful possession of Mostar, and to see this alone is worth a journey from Ragusa.

Farther up the stream we reach a narrow gorge through which the Narenta falls in wild cascades overshadowed by mighty peaks. Here and there old bridges span the torrent, and remains of medieval castles are seen which once defended this only passage through the lofty Porim Planina range to the coveted shores of the Adriatic. The excursion from

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Ragusa to Sarajevo through this grand scenery can be made by train, but it is more pleasant to travel by car as in so mountainous a region trains are slow and make the journey tedious.

We leave the trip to Sarajevo for another day and now take the road bearing south through the narrow strip of Dalmatia which separates Montenegro from the sea. The way winds down the hills and bends gradually towards the coast overlooking the Bay of Brena at whose southern extremity Ragusa Vecchia lies. The high promontory upon which the old city stands out boldly looks from a distance as if completely severed from the shore. Only a narrow neck unites them, not seen until we pass close above the sheltered bay. Old Ragusa is now little more than a harbour for fishing craft. Were it not for fragments of the ancient walls and an aqueduct no one would suspect that this bay had ever been anything more than a peaceful refuge from the sometimes storm-swept coasts outside. Nevertheless, its history is no less interesting than that of the younger Ragusa. Remains show it to have been a place of importance when Rome occupied these shores ; indeed it can be traced far back to before the time when Corinthian settlers founded Epidaurus here. Could these ruins speak they would have many a stirring story to tell. The setting of Shakespeare's " Twelfth Night " was laid in " a city in Illyria, and the sea coast near it ", where the heroine, Viola, was shipwrecked with her twin brother, Sebastian. The unnamed city may have been one of the two Ragusas. The country on the

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east of the Adriatic Sea, long known as Illyria, was peopled by wild and turbulent races ever ready to swoop down from their mountain fastnesses on the prosperous settlers trading on the coast.

After passing Ragusa Vecchia we follow the valley for an hour through fields and hedgerows and see stretching before us the waters of the Bocche di Cattaro through which we had passed a few nights previously. Small towns and villages are dotted along the shores beneath the high mountains and wooded hills. It is pleasant to see this scene in the bright sunshine, in such marked contrast to our first glimpse of it when we peered through the darkness in bewilderment as our ship slowly wended its tortuous way through the Cattaro fiords.

We soon leave the hills of the outer coast and reach the head of the sheltered Bay of Topla which we follow to Castel Nuovo, a well-shaded summer resort, cooled on the hottest days by breezes from the sea. Zelenika near the railhead to Sarajevo is but a few minutes farther on. The excellent road to Cattaro, never rising more than a few feet above the shore, winds round succeeding bays and channels. Half way we find a ferry, a primitive contrivance of two boats lashed together over which rough planks are spread, waiting near Josica in one of the narrow channels where, seated in our car, we are ferried across to the opposite side, three-quarters of a mile away. This shortens our journey considerably as we now take another road leading directly to Cattaro ; yet none of the beautiful scenery is missed as our way lies close to the

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water, while we avoid skirting the deep bays of the northern shore.

If anything were needed to add to the charm of this drive we find it in the varied foliage of the trees and in the shrubs in full bloom covering the lower hills, one bright with red pomegranate, another hidden by soft pink oleander or Alpine rose, while golden broom mingles with the bright colours of the sunlit slopes above. We pass through tiny villages, their gardens a riot of colour and each marked by the spire of its small church ; from the head of the Bay of Topla to Cattaro these spires stand as milestones on our way. The first sight of Cattaro is an unexpected surprise as it lies hidden in trees on the edge of the plain of Riva, under the precipitous mountains of Montenegro, and we do not see the little port until we are about a mile away.

Cattaro is built within strong walls, like so many other old towns in Dalmatia. Gateways lead to flagged streets, so narrow that no wheeled traffic can enter them. Its old buildings, such as the cathedral and quaint clock tower, its delightful situation and excursions in the neighbourhood make it one of the most attractive centres on the Illyrian coast. The small hotels are primitive, but they are spotlessly clean ; it is a pity that most travellers make only a short stay.

After passing an hour in Cattaro we leave it regretfully to continue our way to Cetinje. This part of the journey is not so long as that from Ragusa but it is more difficult as we are soon ascending the steep side of the Lovcen, with summit

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more than six thousand feet above us. Its rugged flanks rise so precipitously that they appear like great walls of ochre rock, on which little grows except scrub and stunted trees, here and there, rooted in bleak clefts where a little soil remains from the rushing waters of the melting snows in early spring which sweep almost everything before them. We look in vain for a road, but none is seen as it is cut into the mountain. At some corners it turns so sharply that it is difficult for the car to maintain sufficient speed to continue its way, and it looks as if at any moment we might slip over the low parapet and crash to an abyss thousands of feet below.

At over three thousand feet we cross the frontier of Montenegro, marked only by a lonely pillar. Ascending through a pass between the Lovcen and other peaks we come to the most wonderful part of our journey as, unexpectedly, a glorious view appears. The blue sea and winding fiords lie beneath us in dazzling light, while before us it seems as if here were united in numberless peaks all the mountains of Europe. This panorama extends for scores of miles, from the Albanian Alps round the Lake of Scutari to the ranges of Montenegro and distant summits of Herzegovina. After passing through the Njegos depression we reach the village of Goloburdo, close upon four thousand feet above the sea, and a wide valley opens beneath us with Cetinje on the farther side. We cross the valley and enter this small and, for once, unwallled town by an avenue bordered with neat houses, each in its own garden.

From Ragusa to Old Montenegro

Cetinje, with five thousand inhabitants, bears the appearance of a prosperous modern village. The palace of King Nicholas, where he lived in comparative pomp before his kingdom became part of Yugoslavia, the old palace called Biljarda from the billiard-room, an unheard of luxury in Montenegro when it was built, a theological school, a literary and scientific gymnasium, a small museum, a theatre and government offices seem to represent the larger buildings to be found in the capital of Montenegro. If mentioned last, not least in importance is the Palace Hotel whose name will awaken hopes of comfort which this small inn does not possess, but the not over-critical traveller who has driven two hundred kilometres without food will find something to satisfy his appetite, and there are several clean rooms where those fortunate enough to have the leisure can spend a few nights.

This pleasant little town, clean and well-kept, has many shady avenues. While wandering in them one pictures the late King Nicholas, imposing in stature and dressed in that most picturesque of all the Balkan national costumes, in procession with the Queen of Italy, his daughter, beside him, followed by the Montenegrin Queen escorted by the King of Italy, passing on foot through these avenues where crowds of people wait to cheer them. Such processions were seen in the years preceding the War. These thoughts recall one of many unofficial conversations I had with King Ferdinand of Bulgaria during the five years I passed on duty in that country. Speaking of the ambitions of different Balkan

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rulers before the wars that raged in that Peninsula in 1912, and discussing the policy each State was likely to adopt, he exclaimed: "Ah, si je savais ce que fera le perfide Nicolas!" King Nicholas was no more perfidious than other Balkan rulers, but there was no love lost between any of those astute potentates.

Beyond Cetinje we drive in a few minutes by car to the Belvedere hill, noted for the magnificence of its view over Lake Scutari and the surrounding mountains. This view is possibly more extensive than the one seen before descending to the Cetinje valley, but where all is so grand comparison is difficult, and no one who travels in wild Montenegro should fail to take this short drive before saying good-bye to its glorious mountains.

Only the most pressing necessity could induce us to tear ourselves from this spot, and it is with the firm resolve to return that we console ourselves as we retrace our way in the light of an early summer evening. The sun is dipping towards the Lovcen as we reach once more the narrow pass, and after a last farewell view of the now gold and rose-tipped peaks we wind down to Cattaro. Following the fiords again, we approach Ragusa as the sun disappears in the glowing sea.

To the Venetian Shores

THROUGH THE ISLANDS TO THE VENETIAN SHORES

The traveller leaves Ragusa not only with deep regret but also with the ardent hope to return. A steamer can be taken by those homeward bound to cross to Ancona or Venice ; but any who have leisure should not think that all the charm of the Eastern Adriatic has been exhausted. In many respects some of the most interesting and beautiful places lie before us if by a less direct steamer we wind among countless islands sheltering under the Dalmatian and Croatian coasts, a perfect paradise for the artist and the yachtsman. At some of these islands we can land for a short time, as well as at ports on the mainland, to gaze upon gems of towns in wonderful setting. Only the briefest allusion is made here to a few at which we stopped, where buildings of great architectural beauty from Roman and Venetian times are seen in their perfection.

The first island we touch at is Curzola, where the small harbour lies under a headland upon which the old town of Curzola stands. The Romans called this island Corcyra Nigra from its dense forests, but it had been a Greek colony long years before, and although nothing concrete remains of those times one seems to trace their Grecian descent in its people. Slavs followed the Romans, and then Venetians who have left here the most lasting impress of all the occupations, and, as in many other places on these coasts, the people of Curzola show a blending of several races that

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gives to them an unusual charm. We must not forget that the island was also held within the last century by Russia, France and England, and our country has left here, as in Corfu, pleasant memories of a short but peaceful rule. Turreted walls with gateways surmounted by the Lion of St. Mark lead to narrow streets where balconied houses covered with roses and other flowers delight the eye ; these and the twelfth century cathedral with its altar picture by Tintoretto, a handsome Town Hall and other old buildings make Curzola a most attractive little town.

From Curzola we pass through the channel formed by the headland closing in the bay of Narenta, and bear round the hilly island of Lesina where palms and vineyards abound. Lesina boasts the oldest theatre in Dalmatia, as well as ancient Pelasgian walls and other antiquities. The balmy nature of the climate has made it known as the Madeira of the Austrian Adria.

Soon after leaving the inviting strands of Lesina the hilly and wooded islands of Brazza and Solta close in the bay where Spalato is seen under the shelter of a high promontory. Spalato, now called Split, is well worthy of a prolonged stay as in many respects it is the most interesting place on the coast of Dalmatia. Its thirty thousand people are mostly engaged in flourishing trade, but commerce is not what will interest most of our travellers ; the ancient buildings of Spalato and its historical associations are for us its real attraction. As we approach the bay in an amphitheatre of wooded hills Diocletian's vast Palatium, whence Spalato

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derived its name, is most striking within pillared walls and ancient gateways. Much of the interior of the once great Palace has disappeared to make way for the Old City, where houses centuries old are built into the walls or round paved squares near temples and loggias dating back to the early years of our era. These dwellings now shelter three thousand souls.

Four gateways lead into the enclosure in which stands among many other beautiful monuments the Dom, or cathedral, with its graceful campanile built over the mausoleum of Diocletian, a wonderful memorial to one who, born at Spalato of humble parentage, became a great Emperor but, wearying of the pomp of Rome, returned while still in the prime of life to live here in seclusion. Opposite the Dom is the Corinthian Temple of Esculapius or Jupiter, considered to be one of the most perfect monuments of antiquity in Europe ; this temple and many other interesting things within the ten acres once covered by the Palatium will delight all who love the beautiful. The New City, which grew up outside the walls, is a pleasant town, with comfortable hotels on tree-bordered quays and streets where fine buildings bear testimony to Venetian and other occupations.

Spalato is not only of great interest in itself but it is also a centre from which to visit other places. On the sheltered bay towards the west lies Trau which glories in the most perfect cathedral in Dalmatia, built in Italian architecture of the thirteenth century. It contains many

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relics and delicately sculptured tombs, and Venetian lions flank the Gothic entrance above which are the figures of saints.

Not many minutes by car or train from Spalato are the ruins of Roman Salona, under its seven castles on the neighbouring hills. The necropolis, surmounted in places by old walls and following the way which led to Trau, reminded me somewhat of the Via Appia at Rome. An amphitheatre, a basilica and baptistery, an ancient monastery, an aqueduct and old gated walls show that Salona once covered a vast area.

About three hours by train or steamer from Spalato we come to Sebenico. When approached from the sea through the narrow channel this town presents a striking picture. Its houses rise out of the waters of a once famous land-locked bay under rocky hills up which streets wind to three old castles crowning their summits. The Lion of St. Mark, so often seen on these coasts, is a reminder of the past glories of Venice. Among many of Sebenico's attractive features the greatest is its Venetian Cathedral, commenced in the fourteenth century and taking one hundred years to build. It is a blending of Venetian, Gothic and Renaissance art, with magnificent interior and an entrance hardly less beautiful than that of the cathedral at Trau; the rose-window—symbol of the Infinite—over the arched entrance is unsurpassed in delicate tracery. A little way outside the town we visited the falls of the Kirka river, one of the most picturesque spots in the Balkans. It is a pleasant excursion

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for the people we see gathered here on holidays in many varieties of native dress, who greatly add to the charm of the scene.

From Sebenico to Zara the views are equally fine whether we follow the road or wind our way round the wooded islands within sight of the bold Dinaric Alps. Zara was the capital of Dalmatia before the War, but this town has now passed under the rule of Italy. Its people are doubtless well governed and may have gained certain advantages under the new flag, but they are not happy as national sentiment finds cause for regret in the rupture with Slavonic associations, and they feel isolated in their Italian outpost on the border of Yugoslavia. Many years may pass before these semi-Eastern people become reconciled to this alien rule.

Zara is a striking example of how promontories were often selected for the sites of towns on the eastern Adriatic when the sea provided a good defence before the days of powerful artillery. The peninsula forming the western side of the picturesque bay of Zara is covered with buildings of every description, packed closely together on every spot except its public gardens. While showing traces of Roman, Venetian, Austrian and Turkish occupations it gives the impression of a Southern town with a strong Eastern strain. The cathedral is one of the principal churches of Dalmatia, interesting from the frescoes of the thirteenth century which have only lately been uncovered, its marbles, mosaics, fine altar and Venetian choir stalls. Good hotels and water supply, theatres, parks, a sheltered position and delightful

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climate combine with its many old monuments in making Zara a pleasing city.

Zara lies near the northern limits of Dalmatia. We now pass between the last Dalmatian islands and soon leave the mountainous coast of Croatia to cross the broad mouth of the gulf in which Abbazia and Fiume lie not far from the frontier between Italy and Yugoslavia. The island of Lussin, half way across the gulf, with Monte Ossero standing out as if guarding the entrance to the inner waters, attracted us greatly and filled us with a desire to linger there. Lussin Piccolo and Lussin Grande are now one town, and many hotels and villas are scattered on the hills around them which give protection from the Bora, the Adriatic wind of sudden fury that has made itself feared throughout the ages. The name of Val d'Augusto still clings to Lussin Piccolo from the time when the fleets of the Emperor Augustus took refuge here from the devastating Boreas which swept the coasts of Istria. This peculiar wind often seems to blow beneath an unclouded blue sky and to rise so unexpectedly that the sea is quickly lashed into great waves, which rapidly subside when once the Bora has passed.

What constitutes the real charm of the island of Lussin is the soft climate of its protected eastern coast, with winter temperature warmer than that of Sicily. Trees and shrubs, such as date-palm, eucalyptus, orange, lemon, fig and myrtle, as well as many flowers not usually seen so far north, grow here in profusion and give to the island, even in

To the Venetian Shores

winter, the appearance of a beautiful garden. These are some of the reasons which make Lussin so popular and fill it at all seasons with pleasure-seekers.

Not even the lightest zephyr was blowing when we left Lussin and continued our way to Pola, on the coast of Istria in a land-locked bay. Pola has a remarkable history, and in our time we remember it as one of the finest harbours in Europe, the naval base of Austria before that unfortunate country lost all access to the Adriatic as a result of the Great War. She has left to Italy her important arsenals and ship-building yards near the commercial port.

Pola is divided into the old and new town. The narrow streets of the older city, at one time surrounded by walls, still bear the Venetian character of four or five centuries ago and circle round the central hill. The modern town extends from the citadel to the arsenal buildings on the south-eastern corner of the bay. The Porta Gemina—a double gateway—leads to the ancient Roman colony where we see the remains of a beautiful amphitheatre, probably erected by Titus. If Pola had no other attraction but this great monument, nevertheless many would be drawn to the town ; but it has also other Roman remains : temples dedicated to Venus, Jupiter and Minerva ; another built towards the close of the last era, small but of exquisite proportions with an inscription to Augustus and Rome ; the Porta Aurea, once closed by golden gates, leading to the Forum by the Way of Tombs, and the Porta Aurata, a triumphal arch built after the Battle of Actium and still well preserved.

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Our journey was nearing its close as we left Pola and, passing the delightful island of Brioni, we followed the coast of Istria to the northern shores of the Adriatic where Venice in her beauty faces Trieste. As we round the last headland, villages lie in trees by the water's edge and across the bay fishing boats and larger ships are speeding over the blue sea. Trieste appears in the distance as a great city compared with the small towns we have seen since leaving Athens.

My present experience of Trieste was very different from a previous one when the Bora raged so violently that the town people held on to ropes to prevent themselves from being blown into the sea. As my wife and I drove down to the quays, to embark on our way to Constantinople, we feared our small carriage might be overturned before we reached the ship. Now only the faintest breeze was blowing within the shelter of the bay, and Trieste looked radiant on this early summer morning.

Memories of Travel

AS the last scenes of our journey fade in the distance and gradually disappear from view, we wander back in memory to some of the beautiful things we have seen, while striking or pleasurable episodes of travel in strange lands return to fill our thoughts. Far away, and above all in beauty, we see again in fancy wild and primitive Nature in its magnificence, upon which we have gazed in some unforeseen spot amid new and wonderful surroundings: "the magical lights of the horizon, and the blue skies for background"; mighty snow peaks, towering over rushing torrents in deep shady valleys where we have rested in the stillness of solitude, sometimes by an old ruin of architectural art now lost to us for all time; or the white shores of a sunlit Southern sea. Impressions of glorious scenery and ancient art form mind pictures that cannot fade—they are some of the never-ending pleasures of travel and not the least of its joys.

Legends of the past revive, and take on a new meaning for us who have looked on the scenes of their origin under bright and cloudless skies. We recall kindness and hospitality shown by many who, even in the poorest circumstances, never failed to make the stranger at home;

Memories of Travel

we understand these simple people better now than we did before, their patient hope for a little more comfort, a hope that sustains them in their struggling life of toil. In countries nearer home we have gained personal knowledge of other races that we may be surprised to find the equals of our own people in education, culture and national aspirations, endeavouring to solve the difficulties which beset them in defending their borders against powerful and rapacious neighbours. Modern events take on a new meaning for us connected with countries we have seen, and their peoples we have met.

If only to nearer lands than those of the distant East and West, travel gives extension to mental vision if we keep before us things of more enduring value than transitory discomforts ; let us forget the " crumpled roseleaf ", and carry with us a not over-critical spirit while acquiring an ever broadening horizon to the mind. Thus shall we find happiness and learn the true philosophy of travel, a greater knowledge of new lands and an increasing interest in other races and tongues ; and " when a Travailer returneth home, let him not leave the Countries, where he hath travailed, altogether behind him ; . . . But onely, prick in some Flowers, of that he hath Learned abroad, into the Customes of his owne Country ".

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